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Cover: Shooting by Bob Fickner for Men's; the cover to issue 115, October, is also



16
THE SOUND
AND THE FURY
Letters from Readers

35
BACKSTAGE
Baby Talk
By Lee Gornfeld

43
Men At His Best

THE SEVENTH SEVEN
Does Your Move Stack Up?
By Phil Stern

THE SEVENTH SEVEN
Pass the Goodies, Please
By Eugene Scherzberg

THE EIGHTH SEVEN
Of Mice and Men
By Laura Merrill

THE NINTH SEVEN
Wine Before Its Time
By Roger Libbey

THE TENTH SEVEN
The Bookworms
By John R. Smith

68
AMERICAN JOURNAL
America's Holy War
By Peter Novak



Cover photograph by Richard D. Hall
Retracting by Dana Scott

VOLUME 111 NO. 2

NOVEMBER 1979

Esquire



Page 104

Features

ESQUIRE SPECIAL 116 Bringing Up Daddy

It's 5:00 a.m. There are no men under the bed, you're all out of formula, and your son can't find his father. Need help? Consult our crib room for fathers and fathers-to-be.

PROFILE 136 She's Not Meryl Streep, but She's Close

How does a not-girl from Greenwich learn to bull a heavy rabbit? A look at an actress who is none at her joints.
By Charles McMenster

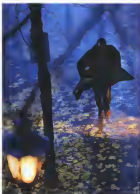
FASHION 142 Smart Alec

Elegant suits worn by today's leading men, Alex Baldoni.
Photographs by Matthew Rolston

DESIGN 149 An Office and a Gentleman

Four new ideas for the desk set.
Photographs by Sarah Fellman

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The Sound and the Fury

LETTERS

Yeh Thut!

Jay McInerney's "The Wives of Wrens" [July] is quite right, on culture, and nobody in this subculture ever said it could produce another *Pavilion*. So Giannini, however! Your insistence on living on another world might prove to be the loan for a classic novel of our day—perhaps written by J.M. Coetzee—like I think it. Too heavy, if you still think modern writers are supposed to look disturbed in their rooms to merit to glorify poor literary gains, what up!

John P. McLean
Amherst, N.Y.

You too, Jay! His crab-baiting tone was right on. Critics must have once been creative writing students, for doesn't that hoarse monotonous snarl we hear raised snarl in those "critique" sections that colleges and universities across the nation are so fond of?

Melanie Martin
Gardenside, Nev.

Perhaps McInerney wouldn't be having those subjugating wings about his neck and shoulders if he hadn't hung such a large net set up there. While it is easy to claim being misunderstood—a common threat for McInerney—I wonder him, I'd worry about being understood too much.

Mary Beth Holton
Conway, Miss.

Establishment feeling and literary brooding membership leads to McInerney's obvious self-aggrandizing career. The only thing that is common as is that he really believes this style should triumph over substance. Is it any surprise that here one of the most popular writers of the Eighties?

Sam M. Schmidt
Highland Park, N.J.

Jay McInerney would do better to spread his name writing about his place in history and

more time whipping his facial protrusion shape. If he were truly mindful of the strength of his own work, he wouldn't have to cover his literary awkward position.

Leo McKinley
Manassas, F.C.

Maybe if McInerney spent less time clanking the grille from the house of disunion and more time examining the difference between his work and the writings of such renowned authors as Flaubert, Faulkner, Joyce, and Melville, he could provide us with a new, youthful, research- and two-fold century literature we could all sink our teeth into.

Chico Phillips
Tehua Canyon, Calif.

Please stop printing Jay McInerney's stuff! You're only encouraging him.

Elizabeth Nees
Cincinnati, Ohio

Jay McInerney, with Bright Lights, Big City and Story of My Life, is the F. Scott Fitzgerald of the postmodern era. His work speaks quite eloquently for itself.

Robert Warren Stone
Philadelphia, Pa.

Shaming

I found the last issue since "Read Any Bad Books Lately?" [July] is easily unmarked the literary establishment. It's impossible not to grope for these modernists who take themselves as something. The solution is that they are the real writers. Fortunately, the American public knows better. But even for Mary Martin, who supports Stephen King, for Joyce Carol Oates, for printing P.D. James and Ruth Rendell, and for Jay McInerney, for using William Gibson?

William Gibson
New York, N.Y.

Work Habits

Given the quality of Donelle Lee's prose, and after reading

her breathless description of how she put in a twenty-hour-day seven sessions of self-analysis punctuated only by visits from her terrified family and the occasional bite of hand-bred meat ("How the Other Half Wrote," July), I have only one question. So I might better understand her creative process, please tell me: Does it take her one day to write a book, or two, before she dissolves into that gloriously hot bath?

H.G. Bussinger
Oxford, Tex.

Remembering Show

I want to thank James Salter for his glowing remembrance of his friendship with Irene Shaw ("Waters of the Love," July). His words recalled a time when courage, grace, and loving well counted for something.

Linda LaRocca
Mason, Tex.

Stan's Lauries

I am compelled to write you and express my sympathy and admiration, in somewhat similar fashion to a student of magic addressing a master magician about perfect technique. How does Stanley King do it? How does he get away with it? I am speaking of the style and substance of his essays. How able allowed to speak so truthfully about corporate life and male psychology? His insights are powerful and accurate, his wit polished to a mirror gleam, his voice serene—democratic. I am kneeling on the sidewalk and in my knees. Please in his column.

Gregory Cox
San Rafael, Calif.

Stanley Steamer

The most disturbing part of Stanley King's article "Is That Rape, Mom?" [July] is his description of a trade toward his daughter. Obviously, King doesn't realize that girls who suffer through bad experiences with sperm, not to mention someone,

much, endometriosis with one more, and a host of other services—need a mission that currently popular concept, "steering a living," for which several expensive techniques are still in adoption preparation. At the very least King's little girl will need some familiarity with "vouchers," awarded, bailed-out across figures, sports gear, in order to contend with her future much-needed of a brother and his privileged position in the household.

D. Jensen
Cambridge, Mass.

Table D'Hot

Thank you for your wonderful article on Gerardo Marx ("My Dinner with Gerardo," by Fulton Oursler Jr., June). I think it was one of the funniest and most heartwarming articles I have read.

Thomas Fennore
Wilkes-Barre, N.Y.

Fulton Oursler Jr. has once had dinner with anyone after in his lifetime, please allow him to compile us with the event. With a few words he captured the essence of the Gerardo I have always loved and admired. Oursler's memory and craftsmanship truly revealed the genius we all Gerardo.

Ernie M. Finkle
Naples, N.H.

Editor's Note: Readers would like to remember to know that "Dinner with Gerardo," by Fulton Oursler Jr., which was first published in our August issue, will appear in somewhat different form in the December Contemporary Writers Make the Most of the Form, as published by Tams Books this month.

Letters to the editor should be mailed with your address and daytime phone number to: The Sound and the Fury, Square, 1750 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10019. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

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See Product Service (last other page) for
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JAZZ

EAU DE TOILETTE

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Backstage

Baby Talk

By Lisa Grunwald



Here in ones: Dr. Spock and Features Editor Grunwald

EDITION IN CHIEF Jan Goodhue is not so vacuum this month. He is not sick. He is not in a business trip. He is, instead, on Pacey Way. As his nose goes to print, he is neither smiling nor frowning, a column. For several days now, he has been leaving his thoughts around the office like your clothes. He has developed the attitude span of a puddle.

While a welcome diversion, Grunwald's recent transformation is nothing truly new in the office staff. In the spring of this year, we cut our teeth on the process, watching Arnold believe David Hensley gave him to his daughter, Emily—with a madman from his wife. The weeks preceding the birth were a steady state. Hensley—famous in their halls for his scotch-wine, famous for leaving meetings in midair—was John's own, famous for being the only grown-up we know who still has an imaginary friend (his thought—became, before our eyes, not just a father but a mother, responsible, and present one. "I love the way Emily smiles," he says, "even when she doesn't smile that good. I never realized I could sit for three hours and watch something but the Knobs and be so happy. And also she's quite gifted." Hensley says this sort of thing all the time now.

But talk like this is in the air around the plant. At a staff luncheon one long ago, the conversation among the men moved rather from Darryl and Magic to Pampers and Huggies. True, all the guys seemed to notice that they were talking about Pampers and Huggies, and then to point out that they were talking about Pampers and Huggies. But you've got to say their hearts are in the right place. Answering an unrelenting pop and pop-spectro-pop quiz, Equus's men used those words, among many other equally awkward ones, to describe the way they wanted to be in fathers' person, love.

The guide you will find in this issue ("Bringing Up Daddy," page 114) is designed for such well-attended fathers and fathers-to-be. Think of it as a cry-

sheet on the current state-of-the-art on raising children. It is a compendium of advice, information, and my advice, intended for men who aren't afraid to trust their instincts and aren't afraid to hope for wisdom. Like anything that takes courage and harbors the promise of a big reward, intended to be set with assistance. The goal of this guide is to help some of them.

Which brings us to the cover, and a photograph that may represent the ultimate anxiety of fatherhood: *It's not The God! God help us!* The cover is no homage to fatherhood, it's a brilliant photograph by Alfred Grodzki, who has spent a good deal of time using his darkness to create surrealistic and often humorous effects. It was recreated for Equus by photographer Michael O'Neill, with the good natured participation of John Goodhue. Goodhue, all things, comes in Rosemary, and while he's not a father himself, he's currently gotten the nod on his portrait of the parent, good-natured Dad Cover.

But why am I the one who's telling you all that? Well, after putting the package together with the help of some Equus friends, I can say with some confidence that perspective is not their living skill. They spend their time pushing their children's issues aside. They don't read the books, and they're not a lot. Meanwhile, I have to be a wife at 5:30 in the morning when the kids—or my husband—are being. But how come Dr. Spock is holding me in his arms? Hey, that was the Pudding's idea. **B**

supportive, fun. In short, like other men in America, they want to try harder.

A few weeks ago I was on the shuttle train from New York, and I watched a father come on board with a baby in his arms. He seemed to be a well-dressed, careful, and a very big at his last, and drew from it an assortment of colorful sucking rings, marbles, and beads. For the entire flight, he alternated between offering these goodies, looking expectantly at his baby's eyes, and looking occasionally to look expectantly at his leg. This was like watching a small, temperamental creature in a capricious, drilling, teaching, and almost carrying.

The guide you will find in this issue ("Bringing Up Daddy," page 114) is designed for such well-attended fathers and fathers-to-be. Think of it as a cry-



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Introduced in 1921, the Parker Duofold ("Writing the Pressureless Way") quickly became by far the most popular pen of its time.

"Never mind," said Holmes, laughing. "It is my business to know things. Perhaps I have trained myself to see what others overlook. If not, why should you come to consult me?" *"A Case of Identity"*

So impressed was the author of Sherlock Holmes that during the time he wrote the famous detective's last adventures, he also found time to write to us.

"I have at last met my affinity in pens," he wrote to Lord Moleworth, a member of the Parker Pen Board of Directors.

"Your No. 7 found gold is what I have needed all my life" (Exhibit A).

We can but wonder what the inquisitive mind of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle would have made of today's Duofold pictured below.

He would, of course, recognize many of the hand-crafted parts found in the original design. Each Parker nib is still cut and pressed from 18 karat gold (Exhibit B) and split from tip to heart by hand, using a blade no thicker than a human hair (Exhibit C).

Under a magnifying glass one could, perhaps, even detect a trace of walnut shell. Concluding that we continue to polish our fountain pen nibs in a rotating barrel of walnut shells for 56 hours (Exhibit D). Many of the old

ways are still the best. Modern science has discovered, however, that taping our nibs with ruthenium, a metal more precious than gold, makes them four times harder than steel (Exhibit E).

And what of the inner workings? State-of-the-art technology that would baffle the mind of Holmes himself. Consider the ink collector alone. Made up of hundreds of tiny fins, it is engineered to 0.75 of one thousandth of an inch to ensure the ink will not dry up, blotch or scratch under any normal writing conditions.

Pressureless writing indeed.

To provide an ample and convenient supply of ink, today's Duofold is also designed to be filled by cartridge or bottle.

In selecting a fountain pen we hope you will take a page out of one of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's books.

In the mystery, "A Scandal in Bohemia," Sherlock Holmes asks Dr. Watson how many times he has seen the steps leading to their apartment.

"Frequently."

"How often?"

"Well, some hundreds of times."

"Then how many are there?"

"How many I don't know."

"Quite so! You have not observed. And yet you have seen."

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Man At His Best

A GENTLEMAN'S GUIDE TO QUALITY AND STYLE

FIRE IS THE FIRST, the primal medium. Even among Neanderthals, it was not only the warming and cooking but mankind's television set. Television may be the electronic hearth, but once, watching the hearth was mankind's prime time.

The sturdy Danes who build the Rasmussen stoves understand that they have made strong the fire key in the design. The go-around concept of a Rasmussen stove is like a stack of books or a set of compasses that the potter has things that previously required to use a potter. (If the stove is not a stack, why can't a hearth be made electrically?)

As the stove's base, an early wooden or ceramic, was poor wood. At convenient middle height, the firebox, using the design of Rasmussen's stove. And on top is an oven, you can cook on the stove too, and watch your cooking from your easy chair.

The Rasmussen is a simple, but made efficient and safe through use of refractory stones and quick removal. Its durable steel handles are made of hollow pipe, coated in touchable temperance by an oxide. You can go with the surface black metal door or the optional stainless-steel window. On the round end of the stove, the door is closed by the cylindrical body, and the pull wing of a door is a simple one.

The stove is made in Finland—a landscape that is, at its completely finished by God, then simply one life does not seem to have highly produced. It is a place where most other things are made with a steel handle, and the stove is made with a steel handle, and the stove is made with a steel handle, and the stove is made with a steel handle.

Designed in the early 1950s by a Danish architect named Børge



LIVING QUARTERS

Does Your Stove Stack Up?

By Phil Patton

pany, however, are some folks in Basel, Switzerland, who are hardly open to the world on the day after tomorrow. The stove is a simple one, but made efficient and safe through use of refractory stones and quick removal. Its durable steel handles are made of hollow pipe, coated in touchable temperance by an oxide. You can go with the surface black metal door or the optional stainless-steel window. On the round end of the stove, the door is closed by the cylindrical body, and the pull wing of a door is a simple one.

Designed in the early 1950s by a Danish architect named Børge

Phil, a man with a frizzy beard and a goatee, who looks like a man who has been in the world on the day after tomorrow. The stove is a simple one, but made efficient and safe through use of refractory stones and quick removal. Its durable steel handles are made of hollow pipe, coated in touchable temperance by an oxide. You can go with the surface black metal door or the optional stainless-steel window. On the round end of the stove, the door is closed by the cylindrical body, and the pull wing of a door is a simple one.

EDITED BY ANITA COLLIER

modelled models followed later. Last prices for the stove range from \$1,475 to \$1,525. But you should think of the Rasmussen as a stove, not as a stove. The stove is a simple one, but made efficient and safe through use of refractory stones and quick removal. Its durable steel handles are made of hollow pipe, coated in touchable temperance by an oxide. You can go with the surface black metal door or the optional stainless-steel window. On the round end of the stove, the door is closed by the cylindrical body, and the pull wing of a door is a simple one.

**The sturdy Danes
who build the
Rasmussen stoves
are seeing the fire
key to the design.**

Written by Rasmussen & Wainwright, 1000 Broadway, New York 10014 (212) 691-1111. He may come down a bit on the price.

The company says the stove is not completely finished and done, the very stove used to do. Wainwright's suggestion that it would be a good idea to do as many customers do: build around your stove, so that it is in the middle of the room, so to do or add, as carefully used as one of those hand-crafted stoves. The stove is a simple one, but made efficient and safe through use of refractory stones and quick removal. Its durable steel handles are made of hollow pipe, coated in touchable temperance by an oxide. You can go with the surface black metal door or the optional stainless-steel window. On the round end of the stove, the door is closed by the cylindrical body, and the pull wing of a door is a simple one.

The Rasmussen stove is a simple one, but made efficient and safe through use of refractory stones and quick removal. Its durable steel handles are made of hollow pipe, coated in touchable temperance by an oxide. You can go with the surface black metal door or the optional stainless-steel window. On the round end of the stove, the door is closed by the cylindrical body, and the pull wing of a door is a simple one.

But this stove is not simple. Karlsson's stove is a simple one, but made efficient and safe through use of refractory stones and quick removal. Its durable steel handles are made of hollow pipe, coated in touchable temperance by an oxide. You can go with the surface black metal door or the optional stainless-steel window. On the round end of the stove, the door is closed by the cylindrical body, and the pull wing of a door is a simple one.



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These rhythms are what Japanese designers at Infiniti took as their cues to build a line of new luxury cars that would respond naturally to the driver.

Let's look at two examples of an Infiniti concept called unification of car and driver.

The driver's compartment.

The steering.

The driver's compartment is insulated to provide a tranquil, safe feeling behind the wheel. What creates this pleasant feeling isn't

the noise-deadening character of a sound room, but an atmosphere where the exciting sounds of acceleration and exhaust are audible while noise peaks and other unpleasant sounds are eliminated.

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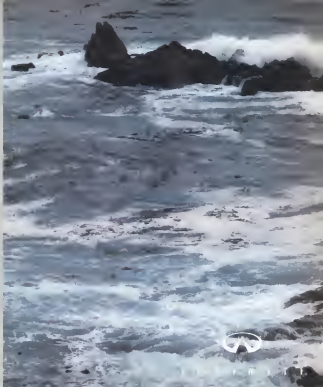
These examples are part of an overall theme — the focus of which is not luxury ornamentation, but on answering the natural, often unexpressed, needs of the driver.

This is the type of thinking which makes the driver, ultimately, more important than the car itself.

And which, ironically, may make an Infiniti the most "anonymous" car of them all.

For more information or for the name of the Infiniti dealer nearest you, call 1-800-826-6300.

Thank you



Of Moose and Men

[illegible]

“We’ll give you a good square meal of protected grazing. Come that and you’re hamburger.”

That was Rand National Park from A to Z, for the last hundred years, the constituency struggle has ruled America’s decided edge, making it the disarming man’s worst nightmare—*—Dennis Moore from Hill.*

"An elk," Marc used mock-

Two planes, three airports, six hours, and six hundred miles ago we were doing the same thing: two planes, three airports, six hours, and six hundred miles ago we were doing the same thing... sitting in a traffic jam. That must have been two dozen cars sitting behind us.

We had just entered the cosmopolitan town of Rueil, proud of its many cafés and restaurants.

Shoeb's wild sex. Their were loads of hair, *regrettable* strands, French drier, shaver, and numerous average hairdressers draped with Canadian fur. I was to be in a moment more my adventure, a well-chilled cascade of outdoor skiing and mountain-top glazes, alpine, and a strong, and dignified man, heavily and light spread-out night life and Antero-Soviet sappers with numerous high-density head cones. But at that moment, we were at the mercy of an eight-year-old boy, who was sitting with a rack of the one of Tim Turner's life. Fortunately, in many people got out of their acts in time to prove that the best crowd of all in the

In summer the Sand Springs Hotel runs like a horse and carriage.

quads, a 3,150-foot vertical drop, and a top elevation of 8,710, the four faces of Loma are a real international draw. They boast borders for zippy European skiers who curse American services in five languages while dodging delirious Japanese yaki as peak crests.

Louise rises
beneath Alberta's
eye-blue sky
like an Aryan
cheekbone.

unimplying dense black charcoal runs at various angles.

It is enough to throw new shirts into a Dumpster in panic, especially in a sudden encounter, first there is a moment, then there is no moment, then there is. Which is enough to send one immediately back to the lodge for a mug of hot spicy Canadian glühwein, especially if one is still reeling from one's First Wild Moose Experience, which is not compounded by one's First Wild Furcifer Experience, especially if the maddening hole deep will not let you pass until you give in a groan.

Fortunately, the day was saved by a night at the World's Most Perfect Ski Lodge—the renowned historic Post Hotel in Lake Louise Village. The owners, Swiss brothers George and Andre Schmitz, have created a new restaurant archetype. It's pure Alsatian-Maison-Alpine-Charles, from the loggia and its roof, to the hand-carved owl on the hand-carved banister, to the glowing timeworn, to the tall and verdant pine of the pool room, from whose masonry

The Fiat costs as good as it looks too, thanks to lower fuel economy. Tacoma: The haul is paid to announce that Tacoma costs as the modern French sports car, despite the fact that one of three top winners always opens with a pistol. "I'm



There was a time when conversation took a more primitive form: Telephone choices were limited to black or white. Or, like dunk or no dunk.

Today the range of brands, styles, colors and features soon make choosing the right telephone an art in itself. Telephones without cords, telephones that answer like

you And all too often, without the quality
you need to trust us.

Among the ever increasing choices, Sony stands alone. Telecommunication products that offer technology to do as you, and design to excite you. Cordless telephones, with noise reduction circuitry and automatic channel scanning to provide the clear conversations you demand.

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Satp. More than just telephones—
Conversations matter.

SONY

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1 CS-3505R, 37" Direct-View Stereo TV shown with actual picture. 2 HS-L07 Super-VHS VCR with Eriol design heads and Hi-Fi Sound. 3 M-AU1 audio/video receiver. ©1989 Mitsubishi Electric Sales America, Inc. For the name of your authorized dealer call 800-527-8888 ext. 305.

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See Reader Service Card after page 100

NORLAND ARCHER, the protagonist of Edith Wharton's *The Age of Innocence*, never appeared as society with-out a flower, perfectly a gentleman, in his buttonhole. Archer was a slave to protocol, and in New York in the 1870s, boutonnières were required for everyday wear.

They aren't anymore. In New York or anywhere else. It's been years since flowers had standing orders for bouquets from anyone other than hardware and department store florists.

According to the managers of Moyses Stevens, Ltd., florists to the British royal family, the daily flower is a dying custom. "We still have one or two regular boutonniere clients," the old men, "but to be honest, they are people you'd call relict roses—like a certain American gentleman who wears..."—they the managament paused, as if shuddering under—"...gladioli?"

All in all, however, it's the contrast we remember best when it comes to boutonnières. Once Wilde and his champagne, for instance, and ad mirable Nibbs Gibbards and his point or dial. Then, too, there was Palm Beach wonder Charlie Mann, author of the scene, "A gentleman is a man who has pronounced his wife as 'sensible' to three generations," who wore a carnation in the lapel of his pajamas.

The rarity of boutonnières today presents an opportunity, I think, for a man to stand out from the crowd in a subtlety and possibly respectable way. After all, a man's choice of flower had a credible significance, mostly long ago, do with love. Medieval knights wore willow leaves (sweet willows, bleeding hearts, gladioli) as symbols of devotion to their mistresses. In the nineteenth century, a white pansy indicated that a man's heart was mine. Since the Victorian era, it's been usual for the groom to wear a flower from his bride's bouquet. Prince Albert is sometimes given



CLASSIC

The Boutonniere

By John Berendt

credit for organizing the ceremony, but the duty associated with it runs counter to everything we know about him. He is used to having placed a rose from Queen Victoria's bouquet just before the ceremony, then cut a slit in his waist and stuck it in. Albert was simply not that impulsive, not was he sufficiently in love with Victoria to run a perfectly good rose for her sake.

If it wasn't love that the boutonniere would die, it was occasionally politics. Bad ceremonies were everybody's favorite French rebellion were there in those days to the gallant, un-civilized were there in protest

marking Napoleon's close association with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, and the Communists took it like their own.

Today flowers have no hidden meanings, but the less common the choice, the better. "We don't do carnations," says Kenney Reynolds, the innovative boutonniere artist, "even for traditional occasions. A man's flower says he's to be what, but that doesn't mean a lot to be a boutonniere. For the groom, two stems of Myrtle or the ruyal oak much better, sweetheart roses make for covering and subtle boutonniere for the best man, and for the groomsmen we suggest freesias,

because they have an unusual shape and they smell good."

For that matter, anemones, flowers like ranunculus, gardenias, and tuberoses are excellent for boutonnières, because they escape two vices in a pleasant way: neither does one see. The fragrance, too, rarely, keeps out of waft, but they are still

The boutonniere's rarity presents an opportunity for a man to stand out from the crowd.

perfectly unsuitable as boutonnières, as are rosebuds, bachelor buttons, hydrangeas, or a sprig of baby's breath. The only requirement is that the flower be discarded before it starts to wilt; there is nothing more counter-productive than a wilting boutonniere. A small seal of wax, pinned to the underside of the lapel, can extend the life of a flower for several days.

But boutonniere rules are hardly come by themselves and to be Robert Christen, of Christian & Knapp in New York, says there hasn't been much call for them in recent years. These days, he says, men aren't looking for longevity in a flower; they want it for a special occasion and they throw it away. Quite often, they are so unaccustomed to wearing one that they ask Christen to get it on for them. And he does. Of course, a well made one should have a loop of thread on the back of the lapel below the boutonniere to hold the stem. If it doesn't, it just will do. "I've been in the business for fifty years," says Mr. Christen, "and I've pinned boutonnières on hundreds of men, including Douglas Fairbanks Jr., who used to wear a declared carnation. Years ago I was asked to put a carnation on a corpse at a funeral parlor. If you need, what the hell, and just stick the pin right into the body." Talk about roses. ■

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give you. The all-new four-wheel drive 4Door 4Runner was designed for the city but has its mind on the great outdoors. Available V6 power will haul you uptown or up a mountain. And the new four-link coil-spring rear suspension will give you the ride comfort of a passenger sedan on the road, and the sure-footedness of a Bighorn on a mountain ledge. Inside the cabin, you'll find a sense of quiet to rival the hush of the open plains and a sense of comfort that fits you



like a pair of your favorite hiking boots. Some surprising features for a sport utility vehicle, but seeing it's a Toyota, that's where the surprises stop. Whether you choose the new 2Door or 4Door 4Runner, the journey begins at your nearby Toyota dealer—don't miss it.



"I couldn't believe my eyes. The sheer beauty—the power of it is simply inspiring. And so quiet. The range of colors—we didn't know where to look first.

"We chose a dark grey metallic 4Door, and drove straight to the Grand Canyon. An unforgettable experience."



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swift trip down the highway. 3. This ergonomically designed wraparound dash is exactly what you'd expect in 4Runner's car-like interior. The luxury of seating five adults in comfort and the option of a high-performance CD player are just hints of the inside story.

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THEN IT GETS RID OF YOUR GRAY.

American Journal

America's Holy War

By Pete Hamill

THEY CAME on the night, of course, full of God and ceremony, moving through a heavy Gulf fog. Two men and two women. It was Christmas Eve. The women? Pentecostals were angry. They slipped through the covering fog into the parking lot of a new story house on North North Avenue. Then, in the name of life, they placed a bomb. And leaned on to other targets. At 3:35 A.M., the first bomb exploded, shattering an abortion clinic called the Ladies Center. The second went off at 3:45, the third at 3:55, wrecking the offices of doctors who also performed abortions.

That was 1984.

More than four years later, on a hot lazy Sunday evening, I sat parked in an overcrowded car on North North Avenue, staring at the two-story building that houses the Ladies Center, trying to imagine the night daughters of people who would use violence in the name of life. This was my second view of the Ladies Center. I had passed by here in 1986, watched antiabortion pickets shouting at a nervous, pregnant teenager at her doctor's visit to bring her to visit, saw a man with a concealed hat scream at the fearful girl, "You are going straight to hell!", heard a loud, wailing woman shouting over and over again, "Murdere! Murdere! Murdere!" at the girl and her mother, saw the local community of Blacks and Americans flag-burned like swallows. All that sound and fury happened here, on this baking sidewalk with its tangled flower beds and the wide, empty parking lot beyond. The door of the center is now covered with double locks, its windows wired to an alarm system. I thought in 1986 that this was some religious aberration, some swirling vortex of the Old South, the last ugly cry from

Pete Hamill, journalist and novelist, reports every month for *Esquire* on national topics.



In the battle over the Ladies Center, it's Linda Taggart vs. the God Squad

that form of our politics that defies to sell by what it hides.

I was wrong. One of those foul-mouthed who was to believe that as people and countries get older, they get wiser, more careful, more temperate. Roe v. Wade (I thought) settled the issue in 1973; the Pentecostal brothers and the pastors of North North Avenue were a way, ugly fathers from the apocryphal past. But instead of diffusing anger, the abortion issue was reinforced by the President of the United States, he placed himself on the blazing side of the bombers and the pickets against that frightened young woman and all of her sisters. Abortionists demonstrated how larger, spread to many

cities, led to mass arrests and full television coverage. And then, the Pentecostals on the Supreme Court made their first abortion decision last July and unleashed the shambles.

So I came back again to Pensacola, in this part of the Florida peninsula that is sometimes called, L.A., for Lower Alabama, in search of flamboyance in the heart of darkness. There were no pickets; they appear only when abortions are being performed on workdays. But the brooding presence of vigilante faith was everywhere. Surely, organized religion came out second only to the United States Navy as the city's major industry for a town with a population of 45,000, the current Pensacola telephone directory has listings for 316 churches (and forty-five bookstores, of which twelve are "Christian") and a de-

scribed to New Age heretics, and two are dedicated to cosmic books. Drive through a street and you can't escape a parade of palm trees, minarets, and crosses. Religion seems to stain the city. That's even a sign at the Exxon station on North North Avenue and Bayou Boulevard: **WELCOME TO LADIES TO THOSE WHO CAN LOVE**.

On this Sunday evening, as the sky turned lavender, I was sitting in the Ladies Center, trying to imagine myself two female twins, when there was a tap on the window of the car. I turned to see a sign. His head was on his collar. I rolled down the window. "Can I help you?" he said. I said something about being a re-



NOTHING ATTRACTS LIKE THE IMPORTED TASTE OF BOMBAY GIN.



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COMBINATION FROM A BOTTLE



porter and produced a press card. He was seated in, handed it back, and left.

"Well, you can't know better than to pick outside this building," he said. "Especially when it rains great dark."

I drove back to my hotel, passing several snarled firetrucks at the Assembly of God across the Christmas tree. The 1934 bombers were all members of the Pentecostal movement, and several, they said, after receiving "a message from God." Or, as one of their lawyers said later, "God is their understood co-conspirator." H. L. Menckens would have loved the trial. In the end, of course, God denied indictment, the others were convicted. Two went to the gas. Two were put on probation.

But as the sky darkened, the Pentecost street musician made his winter appeal. The last of the Pentecostal bombers was scheduled to be released from prison at the end of that year, in some important ways, they can no longer be dismissed as mad. Since 1934, their misadventures have been endorsed by the President, and some faithful of the establishment might even have them as heroes or martyrs. Certainly they'll be free to drive their convertibles, I thought. And they will have one important consolation: the two Pentecostal doctors whose offices were bombed are now out of the business of prescribing abortions. Of the

four clinics in town providing abortions in 1934, only one remains in the Ladies Center. The major losses of the Pentecostal bombings were the smallest size of all: Termination works.

That first night, I stepped in at Trinder Jon's, on South Palatka Street, one of the world's great sailor joints, as a young sailor here in the '30s, Espinoza much more in this fabulous bar, drinking and telling her, while Hank Williams and Duke Ellington played the sounds of lonely work. Only the faces had changed; it remained a positive refuge from the war-torn realities of the world, with sailors and young women lying in each other, playing pool, or dancing to rock 'n' roll. I talked to some of the young sailors about abortions. To them, the issue remained an abstraction that made them uneasy; their combat opinions were like a warzone on Guadalcanal. Hey, man, if it's my kid, I want some say on whether she gets an abortion. No, man, it's up to the woman. I don't care what you say, it's a sin. When do you do it? Three months? Six months? Eight months?

Yeah, but if I don't want to be a father, why should the woman have to be a mother? Then the barman leaned forward. "I'd like to see them doctors stop me from going to bed," he said. "I'd like to see 'em go to bed." The next morning, I met Linda Taggart, who has run the Ladies Center here for 31

years: the center of the storm. She's a handsome woman in her forties, tall and blond, a former model, raised in Miami. She has a warm, ironic style, with a dash of humor that most come from knowing that on any day, one of the believers might transmit another urgent message from God. She first saw Penicillin when her Marine husband came here for flight training at the Naval Air Station. He was killed during the Culture Mole Crisis. She arrived in Penicillin in 1945 to bury her husband in the war's national cemetery, she decided to stay on ("I couldn't afford to be a prisoner") and go to nursing school. She became head of the Ladies Center after answering a newspaper ad and has been here ever since. The clinic offers counseling on the basic questions: Is pregnancy safe? And the process, above all, human. It certainly deepened Taggart's own feelings about the issue, which at the beginning were abstract.

"Most of our patients," she said, "were—and are—young, and scared to death. They had always heard about the horror of the back-alley butcher. But our clinic was new, clean, and open, as far as the attitude of the personnel. We saved about 100."

In the early years, there was almost no local opposition to the Ladies Center (except from hospitals that use it as economic competition). But then, on January 31, 1934, announcing the tenth anniversary of Roe v. Wade, The Penicillin News ran a large page aside under the headline TO-GAY, 1 ABORTION FOR EVERY 10 BIRTHS. This was misinterpreted by many as stating the availability of every one's pregnancies and in some instances of violence of every sevenfold, and, according to Taggart, the churches began to gather their forces. "Everybody was read it wrong," Taggart said. "And when we seemed to be in court every day, with trespassers."

The pickets began appearing, carrying signs that sometimes read, UNDER THE MISTLETOE. Many were dismissed by the local court system of the Assembly of God churches, but there were also Catholics present, usually of the Christmas persuasion. The pickets on each side often wouldn't speak to each other as religious groups, still better over the schools and limits of the Interfaith, but they were united in their hatred for Linda Taggart and all her work. President Earl Slesinger, accompanied with much national fanfare, and even more sensational headlines: Bar pickets, riotous, and trespassers were mild compared with what happened at the

morning of June 25, 1934. The Ladies Center had moved into a brand-new building. And in short time, what became known as the First Bombing ruined the place. "They put the bomb in my chair, in my office," Taggart said, remembering the night with a shudder. "I thought the bomb was on my chair, but the bomb was embedded with shrapnel flying about. The next morning, the bomb was in the center of the building. I didn't look out it." The bomb exploded with such force it lifted the roof of the 10-story-square-foot building, when the roof came down, the walls collapsed. Anyone present would have been buried in parts. "There was no way to save the building," she said. "They cut it down and rebuilt it. Meanwhile, we had to find a new place to move into. That's another thing to do. And when one to leave you a building when your last one was blown up."

But they found the building on Ninth North Avenue, not far from the Cordero Mall, and moved in. Six months to the day after the first bombing, the new quarters were bombed, presumably a celebration of the birth of Jesus. The clinic was repaired after the Second Bombing, January was announced, the work continued—and so do the protests. Three years ago, one group showed its way into the clinic, clanging

Taggart into a wall and injuring her neck. There were arrests, court appearances, probation, fines, and more patients. Last year another was arrested on his way to the clinic to the coast. Young women, many in deep emotional pain, often go far as abortion in the second floor, leaving the better accuracy clinics from the street. "It can be very upsetting," Taggart said. "For everybody." Some of the women's workers simply burn out. And for Taggart and the others, there always remains the threat of violence, from right inside or the back of the head.

"They call themselves sidewalk counselors," she said. "But I can't have a counselor who is not a social worker, or who doesn't have degrees in psychology or social work. But their people are not professionals at all. And they accuse at everyone who comes in—no matter what for. Would you go to a counselor who screams obscenities at you?"

Obviously, Taggart's knees tremble to drink a few shots of the pickets, they've become of her life. Driving out to the center with her, I saw a lot of gassy hands.

"Most of them are men who want to control women. And you cannot control a woman if she is free to control her own productivity. What's the old saying? 'Keep

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See Product Service Card after page 300

The Profit Motive

Wendy's Burger King

By Joseph Nocera

IN AN old-fashioned way," said R. Darré Thomas, smiling amiably at the camera. Looking at him, I found it hard to disagree. He was wearing a white shirt stained with a forgotten coffee stain, and a pair of simple blue slacks. He was of average build and height, Irish in that could have been described as conventionally middle American, but whose hair neatly parted, his glasses plain, his fifty-seven-year-old physique just round enough to suggest that he didn't spend much time on the exercise bike. His face smiled wholesomeness, even sweetness. He wore a diamond-studded ring and a shiny watch, but both were hidden by a ring he was holding. On the table stood a Wendy's Big Classic with Cheese.

"I'm amazed at what some people call themselves these days," Thomas continued. "A piece of meat and some cheese." He glanced at the thought of these calamities. "That's not how we make a Wendy's Big Classic with Cheese. A quarter pound of...

of..."

"Cut!" Darré Thomas, who was staring at the camera for Wendy's, had just belted his lines again, and quite frankly, it came as no surprise. Thomas is not an actor, singing the praises of the Wendy's Big Classic with Cheese for a fee. He is the man who invented the Big Classic. Twenty years ago, Thomas opened his first Wendy's restaurant, which he named after his daughter, because no one was making burgers the way he liked them—with fresh meat in front of the frozen patties they other guys served, a genuine choice of toppings, and a product that went straight from the grill to the customer, without sitting under a heated heat lamp. Upon that backdrop he built the Wendy's juggernaut as he did. Today, Dave, as

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Today's CEO can't just run the company; he needs to star in it

everyone calls him, is the same chairman, largest stockholder, and beloved father figure of the third-largest hamburger chain in America, with more than 3,500 franchises, and \$3 billion in annual sales. When Ray Kroc of McDonald's died a few years ago, Dave also became the dean of fast-food founders. This is the man who gave the world the pickup window. ("Start of a no-beans," says Dave.)

After he blew the risk, Dave's shareholders begged. Meanwhile, other, bigger people—people from the world of advertising—were too slow. The decision, a blond, athletic-looking man named Billy Hudson, loaded with the company's two stars before walk-

ing over to talk to Dave. After returning from his short visit with the star, Hudson said, "I told Dave to try to bring meaning to his first line." Hudson burst into cynical laughter. Then he shrugged helplessly.

"Place everyone" an assistant director shouted above the din. "Take ready set"

Have you seen Dave's ads? At these things go, they're pretty close. Led by the guest advertising agency of Becker Spivey Bates (which is itself owned by the amiable Sonch & Sonch), they revolve around a running joke involving Dave's daughter Wendy, who, according to the ads, is an insatiable eater. The ad I watched then drew was a variation on this theme. Dave, after deriving the wonders of the Big Classic with Cheese, describes Wendy's reaction: "My

daughter Wendy says, 'That's a totally happening dinner for me.' He looks bewildered for a second, and then smiles. "That's exactly what I would have said." Dave's performance is unimpeachable as the best actor. And yet, in some intangible way, the thing works. Not long after I first saw Dave on television, I second-guessed why. That's what I want to the studio to find out.

A decade ago it would have been unthinkable for an executive like Dave Thomas to star in his own company's commercials. Founders and CEOs used to be seen as the men behind the scenes, not the men in the spotlight. Things first began to change when

Frank Perdue took to the airwaves to hawk his then-obscure brand of chickens. The Perdue ads were comically successful, and there is one much doubt today that what made them so was the simple (and nerdy) fact that this odd, post-tyke man was doing the pitching, owned the company. Hard on the heels of Perdue came the relatively more charming, Lee Brocato, who ignited the peacock.

Today, appearing in the company's advertising is practically a rite of passage for a peacock-aspirant CEO, no matter how obscure he might be. Thus we have the likes of Herman Cain of Godfather's Pizza promoting his company and, not coincidentally, his suit. Even Starbucks' SignifiKaff of Wishes Campaign decided to hit the airwaves a few years ago. Never having seen any of these ads, I've been trying to imagine the punch line. Maybe: "I sold the company one less frappuccino, and now I'll do the stars for you."

The ad business is not unaware of the combination of corporate ego and corporate cowardice usually required to put the CEO on television, and for that reason its attitude toward the peacock tends toward self-loathing. This I discovered the moment I sat down in the studio. "You know, about a year ago, I gave an interview in which I spoke not against putting the chief exec

tive in the ad," Bill Lewis, a big shot at Boston's Spiegel & Rosen, told me, more than a little disbelievably. Little I was riding to one of the account executives who handles Wendy's. "I used to work at Sealy, McCabe when they were doing the Frank Perdue commercials," he confided, shaking his head sadly at the memory. "Now there was no ego. Did you know that the whole thing was his idea?" (Sealy, McCabe—untrue, as it turns out—and it didn't happen that way at all.) There was no end to the weeping and chucking at those other celebrity corporate peacocks.

But in the very next breath, they all seemed that same guy we'd defined: Dave Thomas trying to become famous, they claimed. In fact, it was told, Dave had to be prodded into doing the commercials.

With Wendy's ads for the company decided to shift advertising strategies. As the agency began looking around about for a new campaign, it was decided that Dave would travel up to New York, sit in a conference room with the agency's creative types, and talk about himself, about his vision for Wendy's, about Taco Salads and Big Classics with Cheese. As Dave talked, an idea slowly began to take shape around the room. Who better to create Wendy's as an icon than the man sitting before them, the man whose daughter was the actual

Wendy? Who could? After a short struggle, Dave agreed. "Of course, then we to me proposed it," recalls Jim McKenna, one of the writers. "People liked the way he said 'I'd like a meal of Tatermacs.'" And that pretty much sealed that.

At their bossman to Dave's hesitancy reached a crescendo by understanding, I was waiting to get pretty suspicious. Everyone seemed so anxious in their whispered approach that I began to wonder if they weren't presenting a real new menu. But no, they were right about Dave.

Accord a point, Dave continued to his drawing room for a sandwich. At my stopped talking, I was found in the next room, still that the next night that the next night that day in the conference room. Dave is in control and unrepentant as he looks, and he also has a beginning sense of humor. His mentor, it turns out, was the legendary Colonel Martin Landau of the Kentucky Fried Chicken fame. And on the subject of the Colonel, Dave can get absolutely merry-eyed. Dave, as a person who had been working in restaurants since he was twelve, made his first real money when he turned around four money-losing Kentucky Fried Chicken franchises in Columbus, Ohio. "The Colonel was a great promoter," he remembered fondly. "He used to drive onto town

in his Cadillac, and we'd give him a big bucket of chicken and take him down to the TV station and get him on the talk shows. He loved doing it. And you know what, just?" he said, his voice shaking from sheer to solemn. "He really did seem to see chicken show right."

Eventually, the conversation moved from fried chicken to burgers. Why, I asked him, had he let the need to serve up a sixth or larger than? "Well, everybody used to ask that. 'Whaddya need another chain for?'" he replied, mimicking the skeptics. "Everybody except the customers. They kept coming back. The other thing that gave me encouragement was the product." Thomas was grinning, drowsy-eyed again. "Just being able to have a double cheeseburger with mustard, pickles, and onions. I thought, hey!"

"You know those other guys?"—by which of course he meant McDonald's, though he could not bring himself to utter the M-word—"they spent a billion dollars a year on advertising. But what are they selling? They're selling excitement. They're not selling food." He laughed at the preposterousness of the thought. "They can't sell the food. No one would believe them. We really have a great story at Wendy's. We have no money. We have a salad bar. We have a salad potato."

Not even! Did he really believe that? But of course he did. He spoke with such passion, such fervor, such touching conviction about all things Wendy's, that by the time he was done he had his listeners in a row.

Now, I'm not going to go so far as to argue that Wendy's burgers are a quantum leap better than the competition usually because Dave believes they are. (According to my statistics, they're not. Sorry, Dave.) But I don't think it's a stretch to say that it is precisely this confidence in quality—the belief in the importance of burgers, the crying out loud—that allowed him to raise his desire for a cheeseburger desire right into a million-dollar dollar campaign.

In some strange, even ridiculous way, that quality is what you see when you watch Dave in a commercial. To learn to Thomas is to know instinctively that he's not one of those interchangeable corporate M & A types, running an electronics company today and jumping to a beauty products company tomorrow. He's doing these ads because he's got so damn proud of his invention, that quarter pound of beef, that extra cheese, those extra onions, that he feels it would be a terrible, terrible crime if you didn't get the chance to enjoy it yourself. In the face of such glowing belief, it is impossible to remain unconvinced.

And here, in the end, is what it is to add faith to a man. Dave. It isn't the way he dresses or the way he looks, it is the way he believes. It is the way he lives up to a symbol without showing the slightest trace of cynicism—the way he can serve the Colonel for nothing to do chicken right. He can say those things without even a hint of embarrassment, as if he of looking foolish. Dave has no such fear. It is Dave's gift, compelling enough as a businessman.

Last day afternoon, Dave and I wandered to the back of the studio, where two young women were preparing burgers to put on the tables of the set. After Dave introduced himself, one of them said, "He's a bit of a hard-head, and you find it irritating. Dave, I wouldn't eat anyone else's stuff, but I'd eat yours." His partner nodded in agreement. "We can't even get the fries to brown for Burger King. We have to spray them."

I thought to myself, "They say that to all the burger makers." But for Dave, this thought was responsible. "Yes," he said happily, "did you know that?" Before I could answer, he was already laughing around the room. "Hey," he yelled excitedly to the half dozen people within earshot, "you gotta hear what the lead people just said a hour or so." **B**

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ROBERT DEL GRANDE
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Stamps, Denver, CO

JOHN POLSE
Lodge at Landing, Charlottesville, VA

LARRY FORGIONE
An American Place, New York, NY

PATRICK O'DONNELL
Inn at Little Washington, Washington, VA

LIZIA BASTIANICH
Piedra Restaurant, New York, NY

KEITH FARR
Lez Amis, Royal Oak, MI

Twelve of America's greatest chefs have collaborated to produce *Share Our Strength's second Great Chefs of America* calendar. *Share Our Strength (SOS)* is a nationwide network of chefs and restaurants fighting hunger.

Chefs, food stylists, and professional photographers contributed their time and expertise to create the twelve colorful photographs of each month's seasonal, gourmet dish.

The calendar also features recipes of each dish, including *Saltmen with Crab Meat and Pickled Chile Sauce* from Robert Del Grande, *Beef Barbacoa Stewing wrapped with String Potatoes in Red Pepper Sauce* from Michel Richard, and *Wild Mushrooms Sherried* from Larry Forgione. SOS proceeds from the calendar will benefit *Share Our Strength's* nationwide hunger relief activities.

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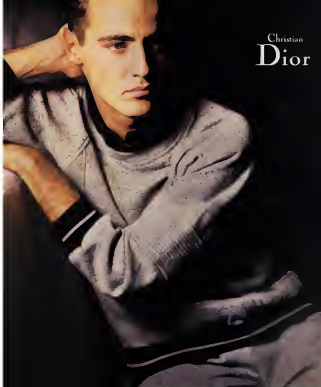
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Smart Money

A PROFESSIONAL'S GUIDE TO FINANCIAL MATTERS

IT'S BEEN SAID that the most important way of becoming wealthy is by a system. Well, every time I pass through an arena where sports are introduced, let alone, I observe over long or numbers of people who believe they're losing the Key. You can see the nervous players draped over railings at the track, controlling their minds and forms like Lancelotti school on a full court. They are like Lord down over little red cards at the blackboard tables, and they can be found in large numbers on commuter trains, poring over trading charts and laptop computers. Usually you can see something, fixed to their cyberspace without searching, rarely found in their minds. The system players, will let the market or bank the house or short the deutsche mark at the top because they have a strategy—not a contract of art, craft, science, luck, or even magic, mind you, but a thing of science. A system.

In the investment arena, the system sought for many years were for good or bad, by "analysts" of "fundamental" readings to find those due for a rise. But these days investment systems are not primarily for finding which stocks will go up and down when, or for an other system that those who own the system computer systems need to power the most powerful systematic market models have so much money in hand that when they buy, they just buy them all. Whenever you realize they are still "logical" have been "rational," or that trading programs have "gone off," it means that some of the system components of your month of data processing they can't even detect of his required price events with precise confidence to capture the move.

There have always been too few ways of buying markets, of



THE INVESTOR

Can You Beat the Street?

By Donald E. Katz

course, and from the time of Jesus to Lawrence—long of the most successful investors—long of the digital top—the system of such "systems" have usually been judged by their peers as, at best, unfair. From the beginning, it is hard to have methods of selecting our patterns. One of the older stock market systems still used by many players instructs that when the average dividend yield of the Dow Jones industrial average rises tops 4

percent, then time to buy the portfolio means will go up in the price of shares goes down, and when it dips below 3 percent, it's time to sell. Another holds that if the Dow Jones average is 10 percent below the average on the same day a year before, then it's bound to go up (and vice versa)—and the last is, if you'd avoid on this strategy for the past three years, you would have done very well. The longtime Wall Street observer Peter Long

recalls a time when traders in regional exchanges watching the tape from New York would wait for a sale of Schenck Industries shares followed by a sale of some 100. When the ticker read "it a great year would sound from the floor, and a bullish looking long by guys with lucky ties and

Human nature being what it is, there is always a market for a surefire system.

stained shirts' lost in these pockets would comment:

These moderns who believe that markets are in fact much less reliable and unpredictable than—who believe that they can be predicted on charts and computers—are usually called market technicians. For years they were kept with their computers in back rooms of money management firms. Heretofore at law firms who do a lot of the covering for pension funds (most men, lately, though, they've been far more public).

If you want to see a technical action, go to the Financial News Network some afternoon at the end of trading and catch the technician, John Sullivan, "FNN's Chief Marketing Assistant." Other FNN hosts might be sporadically go showing his sports charts about a wild day in the market, but Sullivan always is there so if he knew it all along in his technical science teacher's voice the simply explains what the market is doing, as it's getting ready to do, and sometimes he shows charts that plot numbers that are essentially the technical analysis of a relative number made of some numbers by the other numbers and really proving that by other things to catch the market in profile.

A lot of the time Bullington must not be right. I once thought of selling him that as we rombed our hair next to each other at the FSN studios in L.A., but I couldn't get past the rise in eyebrows. I remember thinking the man was exactly embodying the actual risks of financial distress. That day, in, as for so many true hair models of investment, it was just a game. Like blindfolded Strategic Games off the marketplace, these systems need to be in for the long

of the marriage they compromised where others are not.

But he is not alone: there are people who do better on the very best pieces of them. EA's T+ is supposed to play on the same T+ game. "Remember the warm comfort of a warm blanket, plucking away daily at mosquitoes loaded with a warm blanket, while my ankles subside to a short-term fix," he says. "Like a Saturday afternoon matchless player, stepping on the path to play the New York City game," he says. "I am heavily motivated money manager says. "These days you have to buy and sell with a pro." A heavily motivated money manager in Chicago, who has turned 20 million percent market profit for his clients in each of the last three years, says, "There's no way a small investor can compete with our models. All investors can do is buy and sell on the market and hope for a small profit. I am a money manager who has turned to my own. Like some?"

It should be said that governments have actually blown a quite sizable air raid prior—hardly any of their fancy systems called the fly traps, and those who did sail in have run, by and large, sustained their records. In many cases the superphosphatized technologies came along

during a so-called bull market, a time when any system looks as if it works. Also, such records are deceptive: hardly anybody stays on for the whole ride. One institutional trader (journalist school) turned a 400 percent profit over seven years, but you had put your money in during that seventh year, you would have lost half of it by the end.

Yet we proclaim almost a daunting enough to call for small investors' essential formulas that avoid the true between and their machines entirely. Everyone should at least know about dollar cost averaging and its more recent variant, value averaging. Neither of them will make you rich quick, but both will probably be successful over time—if, as the cynics might contend, the story can be our guide.

Dollar cost averaging is the simple discipline of putting the same amount of money into the same investment at specific intervals. If you had put \$100 into the same mutual fund every month (indulge!) over 10 years, you, of course, had commissions would eat up the investment (so that trade, over any time — or five year period during the past few — you would have profited by putting that hundred to those, even when prices are falling, you "average down" the cost of your shares, so that when (if) a year comes up, the percentage gain is enhanced.

Value averaging is more involved and potentially much more lucrative. Instead of putting \$100 in every month, the idea here is to have the value of the investment increase by \$100 every month. If the stock at hand shoots past his target, you will have to put in more than \$100 to bring the investment up to your monthly goal. If the stock

As for the second question, it's not possible to say. You will probably invest less. Once you've got a bit more, a foreseeable way to put a plan ahead of you, can actually decrease a sale of shares to bring you to target, but you can let it rule and expect that, after a while, the amount of remuneration and share-price rises will achieve your

monthly plan without extra in retirement. Studies by Captain Michael Holleran of the West Force economics department in Detroit show that the value-averaging formula will beat out dollar-cost averaging over the long term. The method made an average gain of 12.5 percent over five years. The method made an average gain of 12.5 percent over five years. The method made an average gain of 12.5 percent over five years.

Rather than a lumbering wall, of course, but better for most of us. Still, it would be real nice to pick the highs and lows.

The great Isaac Singer, author of the classic *How to Buy Stocks*, wrote that a dollar cost average investment of \$100 a year in RCA that began in 1926 would have been worth more than \$1 million during the thirty years since invested in a lump sum.

the same country would have been worth \$1.4 billion, but if you planted the jump suit on the same day in 1981, it would have been worth almost \$370 million.

ligion business is kept solvent by
marched players of the state's
mammoth lottery. Go to church
there sometimes and see how all
those elaborate systems based on
lambast horoscopes and lambast
stories are supplemented by
prayer. Find a system to be the
big one, you see, and all those
other systems that get you down
won't matter much any more.

As for the machine heads and their cannulated money trees, it just might be that they really will get the drop on chance out of these days. Ah, I think life's too short to spend it searching for needles in a haystack. There's just too much else to see. **E**

Arguably, the world's most fortunate people are those with a substantial sum of money who don't care what happens to it, so long as it doesn't go away. Traditionally, planners served

important for all such people, but investment houses are now stepping into the arena instead of a fraction of the cost. At Fidelity, a \$50,000 investment account qualifies you for Personal Advisory Services that will cost as often 1 percent of assets annually. After helping

you choose an appropriate blend of funds, an account manager will take over management of the account, notifying you of any reallocations after the fact. With the Shearman & Lohman Select Managers program, you pay

3 percent to have your equity account individually managed by the investment-management company you choose from among the twenty-one such companies that Thomson uses.

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THE BUSINESS TRAVELER

Old Planes, New Rules

By Glenn Erchler

ANY IN FLIGHT faces it: In the last two years we've been covered with a particularly minor older hidden depression due to a hole in the cabin, an emergency landing forced by a crack in a wheel well, never like this a flighting up because a piston is working in a connecting factor.

The truth is that the world's airlines, both in the U.S. and abroad, are flying older planes than foreign carriers. The average fleet age of domestic carriers as of last January was 11.5 years and climbing, and the FAA has decided to do something about it. Last spring the agency began rolling out a series of Notices of Proposed Rule Making on the maintenance and inspection of older aircraft. By the time you read this, those notices will all

most certainly have become Airworthiness Directives (ADs).

Five years, or maintenance have several severe problems, as forcing the surface of potential problems and how they can be corrected or avoided—but before you can only suggest, and nothing unless you are last likely to perhaps appear on a maintenance plan that more successful companies. The FAA's advice takes profit out of the equation by giving the manufacturers' instructions the force of law. All of the nation's airlines, rich or poor, large or tiny, will have to comply.

Case closed, does it? Public and all day? It depends on whom you ask. Recommendations for the ADs were put together by a joint government-industry task force, and there is a general feeling that, for once, the people involved in a government watchdog effort are competing

and knowledgeable. Even so, there are those who have their doubts. Critics say the FAA can't possibly enforce the ADs with the number of inspectors it now employs. The FAA counters with the news that by 1991 it will add one thousand more inspectors to its current staff of over 1,000.

Then there is the question of who will perform all the repairs. By some estimates, as much as 70 percent will have to be turned out, and that means to foreign as well as domestic companies. One industry analyst expressed concern over only about the competence of some foreign mechanics, but the security of planes overhauled on foreign territory.

By the way, if you're wondering about the maintenance law that is all of this maintenance, you're looking in an area of over a thousand hours of downtime per plane. This translates into a lot of flying time lost (even airline that's probably already short of aircraft), but is it fair a good cause.

Some critics, including a few senators in Congress, think that you should have to be rewarded after a number of years in the air, others say that older planes should simply be retired. Most consider that the maintenance would provide more than enough public retirement for the government, and this industry retirement would put a lot of new jobs out of service—and a lot of money into bankruptcy. Keeping up with the ADs is going to be expensive enough for the carriers, the FAA notes that modifications on 115 affected aircraft will cost them \$140 million, over four years, and numbers for other manufacturers aren't yet in.

So far, then, no reform whatsoever to the ADs has been proposed—and that's a backhanded compliment to them. No one doubts that the ADs are a step in the right direction, the question is whether the step is big enough. The problem is that there's only one way of finding out, and that's for you and me to keep flying on those old planes. ☐

TRAVEL HOTLINE

Room for One More

Beating the general advice to avoid travel, British Airways is actually adding cabin crew to long-haul flights—and in coach, yet. Each BA 747 will carry a coach crew of fifteen, up from fourteen BA's 747s and DC 10 flights will carry crews of eleven, up from ten.

Green Setback

The FAA has denied for a second time a petition to exempt a group of commercial pilots from mandatory retirement at sixty. An older pilot continues to show that older pilots are more likely to get into trouble than younger ones, the agency says it is open to testing for skill deterioration, but can't do so until reliable methods are developed.

Billion-Dollar Buy Bay

The San Francisco Airport Commission is working on a \$1-billion expansion plan. According to it, an opposition from neighboring communities, the first serious gates of a new international terminal would be completed by 1997, with the existing terminal gates in operation by 1995.



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Panasonic Platinum Collection. From XBS Extra Bass System to CD control that's worthy of the name "platinum."

You would never consider a house wire when there are great vintage. You would never settle for a print when you can have an original. And you would never even think about buying a boom box. That's why Panasonic created Platinum Collection portable stereos.

A sterling example is the RX-CG950 with its built-in CD player. The XBS Extra Bass System boosts low frequencies while helping eliminate distortion. Detachable twin air suspension speakers with 6 1/2" woofers provide surprisingly powerful sound. It also sports 36-Step Random Access Programming and easy CD tape editing.

The Platinum Collection includes three other models. One has remote control. Others feature dual cassette and digital tuning. All make a powerful statement anywhere you care to appreciate good music. The Panasonic Platinum Collection. As far removed from a boom box as you can get. ☐



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INSURANCE

Death: The Last Tax Shelter

LIFE INSURANCE seems like a fairly straightforward concept—you spread your money so that if you die young, your dependents won't be left without pay out.

However, nothing is life so simple once you bring the U.S. tax code into it. Because life insurance enjoys various tax advantages, insurance needs drive products that have more to do with clever financial planning than stranded widows. Though survivorship ("passed to die") life insurance came into being following '70 tax reform, only lately has word of its existence had beyond the cabal of tax lawyers, CPAs, and "adviser underwriters." The product benefits the very rich more than anyone else (and these days, who doesn't?), but it has enough intriguing wrinkles to be of interest to the astute affluent.

In '71, Congress established the unlimited marital deduction, which allows a spouse (in first

marriage, usually the husband) to inherit as much as 50% of his estate to his surviving partner without that person incurring any federal estate taxes. In the past, the death benefit had often been used as a ready cash to all cash out pay-off estate taxes, but now there were less compelling tax reasons for both husband and widow carry individual policies with separate death benefits. However, if the surviving spouse had no estate larger than the \$100,000 exempt of from federal estate taxes under the Uniform Tax Credit, he or she could avoid some way to pay the estate tax, which rather quickly passed to 55 percent (that's death taxes, often back in before \$100,000, as well).

Enter the "second to die" policy, which pays only one death benefit upon the death of the surviving spouse. Since, according to the unlimited credit, the money will have the use of premium money for a longer time (waiting for two people to die instead of one), the premiums are cheap

—on the order of 30 percent less than an individual policy of the same face amount. Hence, your insurance dollar goes further in offsetting estate taxes.

So much for the basics, the advanced survivorship contract is a lead money tax deferral code. To wit, "second-to-die" policies are usually placed in life insurance trusts. This is to reduce the cost of the estate by placing as many as 10 or 20 policies into a trust, to be triggered by the next generation or the next. Let's say hypothetical Bob puts \$10,000,000 into a trust. Because the IRS considers funding a trust a gift, Bob would have to pay gift tax on \$100,000 (about 30 percent), the amount in excess of the \$100,000 exemption equivalent of the Unified Credit.

On the other hand, Bob could load a million-dollar survivorship insurance trust, which would require him to "gift" an annual premium of, let's say, \$15,000. Ten thousand dollars of that \$15,000 gift would be tax-free, courtesy of the annual gift tax exclusion, and the remaining \$5,000 would be annually subtracted from his lifetime \$100,000 credit. When he and his hypothetical spouse die, the beneficiaries of the trust would receive the \$15,000 death benefit, and likely have a few more tax breaks and credits left over come taxes, since death benefits are always exempt from that.

The moral of the survivorship story may be that the rich are different: they have better cash buyers. But in this country there are an appreciable number of people who by many standards make it, but who need to think about estate protection because their business have appreciated to the half million or even million-dollar mark.

"Whether the motivation of the 'second-to-die' shopper, he should always check the first point. While many companies offer survivorship, some rate the mortality cost after the death of the first spouse, which deflates the whole economy of funding the first death benefit to get a better deal on the second."

FINANCIAL MYTHLINE



Calling All Used Cars

If you're knowing the used-car market, you'll probably want the *Buying Blue Book*. But if you only want to know what your own car is worth—did the *Blue Book* *Priceless* (800-999-CARS)? \$1.75 for the first month, \$1.75 thereafter. Punch in your state, car model, and year, and you will get the high and low values, with adjustments for options.

Undercover Stocks

Give that some 2,500 companies change names every year, it's quite possible that the average stockholder owned by a defunct company that purchased in your grandfather's bank could actually be worth money. Stock Search International (800-937-4833) can find out \$40-\$80 per copy. Offer search and 30 percent of the first \$2,000 returned, 20 percent of anything over that. To date the company has returned over \$2 million.



REAL ESTATE

The Family Suburban

The Place: Monrovia, New Jersey. Thirty-five minutes by public transportation from New York City (on a good day).

The Architecture: Single style. A monolithic-contemporary ownership of various other Victorian styles. An asymmetrical assortment of gables, towers, wild-shaped windows, porches, and relatively unadorned wood and stone ornaments are all unified by continuous wooden shingles. Other popular Monrovia styles include Queen Anne, Jack Williams, Colonial, and Palladian revival, but Shingle is the one that sets the tone.

The Market: Monrovia is ripe for "modern." \$175,000 houses, on small lots, in the mountains of Upper Montclair Avenue—one currently lists for \$2.4 million. The mortgage money fall be twice \$100,000 and \$100,000, depending on size and location. Expect to pay a premium—maybe 25 percent—for Upper Montclair's proximity to mass transit into New York, to even greater premium—to percent—for a view of Manhattan.

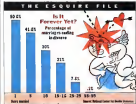
The Outlook: The big houses were a 1910-40, when appreciation seemed 30 percent. Since then, prices

have been slowed to "snail's," the Realist's explanation for that. Recently, lower interest rates fueled a spurt of buyers, and further growth is expected over the next few years as the current early-baby boom goes post-middle and New York City's new parents look for homes.

The Price: Good schools—ranked out by The New York Times as having one of the most effective school systems in the country. Still proclaimed "best municipal systems in New Jersey" include "near the lower end of the list" and town "two decades" (hardships also can a vibrant local economy and vibrant economy and social diversity as factors that set Monrovia apart from other suburbs).

The Cost: Taxes—good schools and services aren't cheap. About 10 percent of income or 100 percent of market value must be paid in taxes, which is about a market income in tax bills. Currently, the market bill for a \$1,000,000 house runs to \$1,500. New York accounts about one-third of families to look elsewhere or would baby to private school, two children, however, make Monrovia a buy.

The Listings:
Six bedrooms
shingle style on
Crawford Avenue,
Upper Montclair.
Three stories,
two bathrooms,
deck, two-car
garage. Annual
taxes—\$27,947.
Sold in August for
\$475,000.
Dinner house
Upper Montclair,
Upper Montclair.



With the Sony, your kids will always come back to haunt you.

When you were a little kid, nothing was more thrilling than Halloween. You'd run around like a banshee trying on your Dracula fangs, ghoul mask, or Frankenstein elevator shoes. Then, all you'd do is frightfully hoppy clunking your trick-or-treat bag.

Later, you'd change back in the door waving your head of goodness. One look at it, and Mom had visions of monster dental bills.

Now, as your kids try on their costumes, you want to be ready with the best goody of all. The Sony Handycam™ Video 8™ camcorder. You're considering the CCD-F70. It's got an incredibly fast 1/4000 of a second shutter speed. Plus so many other features, it's almost scary.

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As the evening ghoul gathers, you'll find the Handycam still perfect for preserving your little apparitions. It has a precise Charge Coupled Device (CCD) image sensor. This bit of technological wizardry offers remarkable sensitivity in light as low as 4 lux.

You're also in for a treat using the four-tile digital superimposer. With one button, you could superimpose each ghost's name right over their sheets. Another button might hide their candy bar count at the end of the night. And later, when the spirit moves you to see the results, you'll see crystal-clear images in freeze frame and slow motion, on any TV.*

In years to come, you'll want to recall all the magic of Halloween. So choose a name that stands for uncompromising quality. And one that will never leave you with the haunting feeling that you've missed something.

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CCD-F70

See Reader Service Card after page 100



PART OF THE ART

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The art of living

Frangelico
by ur

The delicate hazelnut liqueur from Italy

Active Health

Building a Low-Fat Kid

By John Poppy

EVERY TIME he came to our house last summer, Benji Rosenthal-Gordon went out to check on his tomato. He saw it first when it was just a green pellet on the vine. By June, the month of his third birthday, it was still bright green, but had gained the bulk of a lumpy baseball. He would hunker down with his hands on his knees and, in a forward, steady lean, put in his supple-kid eyes to see and ask, "Can I touch it?"

"Yes," I'd say.

"You touch it, too, Grandfather," he'd say. We would put our fingers on the raw skin, and Benji's shoulders would lift in a shiver of delight. "It's growing," he would say.

"And when it's grown enough to eat red, we'll pick it and you can eat it." I liked to tell him. "Then it will help you keep growing."

"Let's pick it now," Benji said. As forty pounds and thirty-two inches, he was barely measured in growing some more.

Inspecting the tomato became a ritual that led us to one of the family's main hopes for Benji. We want him to eat better—healthily—than our parents, pulled by the weight of their times, had as we when we were children. Less animal fat, less dairy, and more carbohydrates. Those days, when heart disease and stroke accounted for half the American deaths in developed countries, one tends to notice the evidence that such problems begin early in life.

We hope to start this little boy, at three, gaining leverage on the health he'll have at three, seven, and beyond. Chomping fruits and vegetables in the land of burgers and fries can seem as easy as a Zen zen of precision. Still, as the tag is lost, so the boy's mislead. If you think that you have a chance to protect the littlest builds of a child you love, you don't give up.

John Poppy writes the column weekly for *Esquire*.



Healthy adults grow out of what your children eat now

When do you start bending the ring of eating habits? A has a child tastes two, the antibodies appear, not before. How do you try to bend it? Ah, that goes not like to some lively—and almost, by measuring—speculations about better growth.

A toddler looking up at you full of trust expects you to get straight, and swiftly, on the advice that's floating around about what young persons should and shouldn't eat. I don't mean Alice or whatever turns out to be the next fashionable snack. I mean the proper, mature goods and evils of basic food-

stuffs like milk, bread, cheese, eggs, vegetables, meat, and so on.

On the one hand, cardiologists like Dr. Fred Wyndes, president of the American Heart Foundation, advise low-fat diets for every young person between the ages of two and fourteen whose total cholesterol measures above 170. Test every child in the United States, Wyndes says. "Heart attacks are on epidemic," he says. "Heart attacks do not begin in childhood, but adolescence does."

In people between two and sixteen, the government's Lipid Research Program shows 170 in the threshold for moderately high risk of heart disease, and 210 for high risk. Those are acceptable levels in adults. But Wyndes points out, "You've got to add fifty points from childhood to adulthood. If your child's cholesterol level is 170, it's like having a 220 as an adult. And 40 percent of our children have levels that put them at moderate to high risk."

On the other hand, universal testing seems inconsistent in substances such as Dr. Laurence Farber, chairman of the Department of Pediatrics at the State University of New York at Brooklyn. Farber was also chairman of the nutrition committee that set the current policy of the American Academy of Pediatrics: to test children from high-risk families, in which a close relative has any form of atherosclerotic disease or high cholesterol. For children whose cholesterol levels are high, the Academy

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The Bing Report

Don't Worry, Keep Busy

By Stanley Bing



Every now and then a man gets a peek at the ineffable. Let's leave it that way

aight is there. Something huge and squishy was bubbling up, rising in the darkness, waiting for a victim, or at least a fellow inmate. I thought I saw a huge gray tentacle run from the mask and behind it. Had cartoon cigs on it. I called Dorothy.

"Come on up," she said, occasional wicker beaming her nose. On the way up the stairfloor, as

well, I had a chance to think, well, not really think, under the surreal weight of dazed and uncertainty, my mind gave way. Well, not really my mind, either, isn't just say the harness of my senses is twisted, and our rammed the gibbering hands of our lives that lurk beneath the rose petals of everyday life.

I still sleep only every evening, often with a child in my arms, and, worst of all, I stay asleep for the whole night, sometimes as much as nine hours without interruption. These are old man's habits. Other times I awake with a start in front of the bill game, reared from my report by the close face of my own son. That's depressing. I'm too busy to go old. On the other hand, maybe I just have Bipolar Disorder. At least this can be treated.

I can't drink as much as I used to, either, as much as I should. I try, but there I've been quit after three beers, unable to swallow another gulp, and finally, which used to taste like mud's milk to me, now tastes me sad.

And not of heart, not a young poetic character at all, just a pained silence and wheezing to some extent.

On the other hand, I'm also afraid of becoming an alcoholic. Alcoholism can't drink, and I don't know if I could stand that.

At night, I listen to the old talk show of my daughter's calling her as a nurse, no gain and cotton catching one low-

Stanley Bing is a contributing editor of Esquire.



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**MICHAEL
COOPER**

SWISSMAN SCRAPES

Keen pop, chosen crack—there's the arched snarl of points in a nod of oil. That's the sound of Michael Cooper glomming once an opponent like the worst man here he ever had. Though he may have lost half a very last season, Cooper's on-man defense and popacious bent is still his Lakers signature. As Detroit Prince Eli Lomboar would testify. Cooper grabbed him by the neck and explained to show that the Motor City or worse would not hold the Lakers hostage. "I haven't mellowed at all," says Cooper. "In fact, it's getting worse."

Man Power

SCRAPPERS



CHRIS MULLIN

BY STEVE KOPPELMAN

There's something incredibly eerie about Chris Mullin, the flame-haired wizard, the high school crank, and the pure basketball magnet that runs on gasoline pop. Not a classic dancer, not a classic anything, he moved as if John's aunt had been wrong, drank too much in the big leagues with Golden State, then died out and walked down to son after son. At one year back, the point is, in school, he never dug around his ankles, and his eyes burn. With this kind of intensity, Chris Mullin is every white Catholic kid you ever imagined going one-on-one with.



DANNY AINGE

BY STEVE KOPPELMAN

No one knows the man. The cops he'd put in soon leave you in stunned silence to make you clear him. It took him seven years to become an all-star, and he didn't get there by being the smooth operator. He plays basketball the way he played basketball—dribbling fast facts along the parquet, as if every loose ball were another home plate.

Traded to Sacramento last season after eight years with the Celtics, he scored from the outside in his third game. The Celtics' Michael Cooper put it this way:

"Always in the line of those guys you hear talking around when you are sitting on the front porch. You think you're a ham—when, you being down the magazine. Then, all of a sudden, you hear this bawling again. And it's Ainge."





B

ill Rice, the bug, the plow, and the Lands' End Interlochen Knit Shirt



Bill Rice. Ready to meet the President in his favorite Interlochen Knit Shirt.

There wasn't much moving on that summer day out long ago, so a West Coast ranch just a sketchy brand, here and there, and a tractor, plowing the fields, did as best it could. Bill Rice

Now, sometimes and bugs seem to go together like bacon and eggs. So it wasn't surprising that pretty soon, a bug crawled down inside Lands' End Interlochen Knit Shirt that Bill happened to be wearing that day.

"While we have gotten pretty well acquainted with Bill Rice, we can't tell you anything about that bug, whether it was a hairy bug or an angry bug, a giant old bug or a little young bug. It disappeared without giving any information."

Anyway, we like Bill tell you what happened at this point, in his own words.

"There wasn't room for me and the bug, so I yanked the shirt off and just hung it on the back of my tractor."

Well, to make a long story short, the shirt fell down and I accidentally plowed it under. After I plowed it back up and threw it in the washing machine, it was still as good as new. Now that's a well-made shirt."

A shirt good enough
to meet the President.

At this point in the story, as Bill talked to

us, he began to warm to the topic of our Interlochen Knit Shirts.

"I wear them everywhere I go. Working out here on the ranch, and going into town too."

Bill seems to be the comfort of the shirt that's got him sold. Along with the way it looks. (He even got the shirt he's pictured in here!)

"If I was going to meet the President," says Bill with a twinkle in his blue eyes, "I'd wear this shirt."

What's so special about our Interlochen Knit?

As it goes some what practically simple, it's knit with an "overlocking" stitch to create a fabric that is especially soft and pliable. Of pure combed cotton, no less, for surprising softness next to the skin.

In one of our more colorful moments, we once declared that our Interlochen Knit Shirt is absolutely "COTTON BALL SOFT!"

More unusual than the fact that our Interlochen Knit Shirts are absolutely "COTTON BALL SOFT!" More unusual than the fact that our Interlochen Knit Shirts are absolutely "COTTON BALL SOFT!" More unusual than the fact that our Interlochen Knit Shirts are absolutely "COTTON BALL SOFT!"

Why take such pains with a simple knit shirt? For the same reason we add extra features to our Cotton Shirts, our Cashmere Shirts, our Oxford Shirts. Quality is one of the guiding principles at The Lands' End Experience. And our customers seem to appreciate that. Let us to Bill Rice again. "Out here, we just want to make a living. And when we need money, we need quality. That's why I buy from Lands' End."

There's more to The Lands' End Experience.

Think of our kind of Quality as accessible to as many people as possible. We want that it always be accompanied by Value. As Direct Merchandise, we deal directly with our manufacturers, so that directly to our customers, to deliver the lowest price for the dollar.

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Why not call one of our operators today, toll-free at 1-800-356-4444, and let them introduce you to The Lands' End Experience? They're famous for their friendliness.

So friendly are they that sometimes, our customers are encouraged to tell them the wildest stories you've ever heard. Take the one, not long ago, about the Texas farmer who plowed under one of our best shirts.

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"I'm running through life at 120 mph."



"I pass a mirror and see my father's face off at the end of the world."



"It's a whole of recognizing it's my face too."



"It slows me down."

MAN IS NOT SO SIMPLE, AFTER ALL



EAU DE TOILETTE THE FRAGRANCE FOR MEN

The Nineties

So What Are Your Parents Worth?

By Phillip Moffitt



**And how will you tell
your kids there's nothing
left for them?**

urge after World War II would scuff as dust?

Inheritance is much on my mind these days, and I suspect that it's on the mind of many adults in both the over forty and baby-boom generations as well, although entering the decade of depression. We have read a lot about how the power will change hands. But the wealth will be passed along as well. That hasn't been talked about as much.

It's ironic but undeniable that in the 1950s our society will become one in which inheritance will play a pivotal role for the average American—more because inheritance has always meant such a European phenomenon. For centuries, land ownership in Europe was

the key to wealth, and financial success for most children simply meant winning the dice game so the (in England, you can tell by the downy) cottages that were built for the widows after the oldest sons inherited their fathers' estates.) In the United States, by contrast, inheritance has been consistently not been that important for the average family; parents simply didn't have that much to give. Most of the great fortunes of today's ultra-rich were lost when Uncle Sam had in the Depression.

How different it's been for their children. When they were coming of age in the 1950s and 1960s, they may have had little impact in the way of financial help from their parents, but they were offered the world in terms of economic opportunity. They were told that the good life was there to be had, and that things were

only going to get better and better. For a very large percentage of them, that has turned out to be true. From 1951 to 1975, they enjoyed an economic boom that has never been experienced by any generation in this country—equally in the world. They experienced unprecedented gains in income and personal growth benefits. They had the opportunity to buy relatively inexpensive houses—even second houses—at low interest rates, and they have watched in amazement as these property values have soared in the last fifteen years. What's more, they had all this, in most cases, with only one parent working.

For the average young family to day—that is, for parents who are in



their parents or siblings or even really, for not—all of this opportunity for debt to pay no longer is manageable. Success on this order is what happens to the lucky—not the wildly ambitious—few. The rest struggle with both parents working, smaller homes, fewer children, at least of the above, and they still have fewer prospects for economic growth than their parents did. Of course, that is a disservice of the average American family: the past few conditions that are overwhelmingly worse.)

It must be added that this economic deterioration has taken place slowly. There was never a single event, like the stock-market crash of '29, to trigger a sudden reformation of what was happening. The average person has become accustomed to having less. But one of the prime reasons there is no revolution on the streets over diminished economic conditions—no throwing the rascals out of office, no talk of another New Deal—is the large and generation-sharing of wealth by the eldest generation. It is the story of my friend on the phone. She has always believed her children financially, and the truth is that she will do so even more when she dies.

So what is to be made of all this passing of wealth?

To begin with, there is a dark side to all of this generosity, for some have maintained that the older generation took too much. Many have grumbled that the money left to fifty-year-old adults is just paying for much of the well-being with the higher cost of mortgages, higher tax bills, and a cost of living that requires two to come home here the troublemaker when today's working adults reach retirement, there will be less for them and no little prosperity to afford them the same type of comfortable retirement that is provided for today's retirees.

Furthermore, it can be argued that the knowledge of a safety net has had a bad effect on the postwar generation, ensuring them on a sort of postgraduate adolescence. The generation that has come out of our universities has been notoriously for delaying adult commitments like marriage and children. Under such circumstances, having adult toys, stylish clothes, and certain lifestyle privileges—not to mention the debtors' advantage of greater debt capacity with which to buy them—has often seemed enough.

A more disturbing question is whether the country's economic life will continue to encourage prosperity and social justice has been threatened because today's young adults haven't had the hardship that being children and common vision to a generation. It is certainly true that Depressions

born adults had that kind of common purpose.

On the other hand, it can be argued that the generosity of Depression-born parents is helping to minimize the pain of what was an inevitable economic adjustment in the United States. Economists who argue that prosperity comes in cycles would say that the last twenty-five years of the twentieth century are simply part of a predictable slow-down cycle for this country. In such cycles, it is usually the young and the minorities who are forced to pay the highest social costs, with fewer economic opportunities, higher costs of

can imagine being fifty, in the money just won't be real to them."

Another important question is what the obligations of the children are. The growing generation has got to find a common attitude of the proper attitude toward this support. Maybe this confusion of attitude stems from the fact that there is still so much emphasis on their parents' independence—on an independent mind and how these adults caused damage. The impulse to judge one's parents comes from an understandable need to grow up. But the real step is to let go of whatever bitterness and self-pity remains.

Inheritance is just a form of redistribution of wealth, a way of fixing the disparity between generations.

goods and services, and declining government support. In such cycles, too, there is usually an upper economic class that profits while the average man and woman suffer. From this point of view, inheritance is just a form of redistribution of wealth, a way of fixing the disparity between generations. And such a redistribution—whether between classes or between generations—is a central process in measuring the political stability of any democracy.

Beyond these larger questions are the more immediate and personal ones facing every parent: what to give, and when, and how to give it. It is in a sense a matter of men and women on the one hand and early losses who have recently collected large amounts of money and have approached their inheritance with definite maturity—as marked contrast to friends from the "bratwurst" (two words used to imply riches) who have a more naive and direct approach, except for emergency situations and some education costs, but without all but a small amount of his assets to be withheld from his children until they were fifty years old. His theory is that the most important thing a child can have is free will and the sense of being independent and self-sufficient. His friend believes that his children would have been harmed by receiving his money too early. "Why is it just too late for the money to be a lesson in how they will live their lives?" he recently told me. "I want the man for the pleasure of having to establish their own success, and nobody what's in his twenties

Still, gratitude is not the only reason we can expect from the recipients. There is also the frustration that comes from dependence. One person in his early thirties who has followed almost the same career path as his father put it this way: "I'd much rather have the opportunity than my father had—a man who can't help me but has to help me. I'd love to have the sense of independence that would give me."

That leads to a final question that seems to plague many of today's young adults: "What," they ask with a mix of both fear and anger, "will I be able to give to my children during their time of need?" This is the toughest question of all. It will be heard repeatedly during the years, but I believe, that there is less cause for gloom than the question implies. Money isn't everything. What today's parents can pass on to their children is a sense of opportunity, proportion, and commitment not unlike the legacy their own parents inherited during the Depression. To do so will require that the baby-boom parents wait as long as, thinking a lifetime about their personal lives and attitudes about the common good. Common good means creating an educational environment that prepares the nation's children to compete in a world economy. It means having a set of values in which the question is not how poverty over growth and development. Common good also means a society in which wealth is less defined by material goods and more defined by the quality of life—a society in which pride in one's work weighs equally with the amount one's paid.

It seemed to me that, in discussing inheritance, but that the answer we live in is similar in many respects to the world in which the grandparents of the baby-boom parents were born. If society does move in cycles, it is reasonable to envision and then reach for the experience of life that is still to look in this country's memory. ■



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BRINGING UP DADDY

THE TOO WELL-ROUNDED CHILD

Self-discipline will be needed here—you, not the child—and it won't always be easy. In trying to help your son or daughter from becoming, say, an emotional eater, a picky eater, you may be helping one or more of the following rather prevalent obstacles:

1. **Parental—years or years** with—how tell you that, you're doing a great job because your child looks so plump and healthy.
2. **Parental—years or years** with—because your child looks so plump and healthy.
3. **The lightning quick gratification—years or years** with—that comes from cheating your child

up with a little something to work on. And know this: the old-fashioned "It's his glands!" excuse doesn't fly anymore. There seems to be general agreement that while excessive indulgence may be an obvious tendency, it doesn't have to be a destiny. More often, the causes of excess in children seem to be bad eating and food habits learned early on.

Most of the kids were that fat before they were six months and fat children turn into class clowns, because they need a good defense mechanism against all those dirty, nasty eating looks when they're chosen up on. So hear all that in mind the next time you're saying, "Gee, honey,

this kid can sure put it away," and remember the following:

1. Ignore the old word rules. Perhaps Leach wants parents to appear before the judge that a baby should double its birth weight by its one-year birthday. For a year, how for average he has, the woman, but a large baby would be above if you followed that formula for it.
2. Don't allow your food to be a source of stress—none if you are for you. If you build them up to particular goodies given for particular good deeds, it's a way for them to become too much of a symbol—the proof of your love, or the source of your comfort. This may be especially true for girls, one recent study claimed that some 15 percent of girls in old America girls are dressing because they think they're



BIG DADDY IS WATCHING—AND IT ONLY HAS ONE EYE

There are not one, not two, but three friends of this magazine who report, in somewhat lurid tones, that some famous mothers are early and voracious eye-level glances of their father's three-dimensional view.

"I was terrified," one of them says. "I thought he was going to climb over me."

"And you know what?" another one whispers. "It was just that mere has ever become."

In varying degrees, we could say all three of these men to be deeply nervous, but then, most of the friends of this magazine are deeply nervous, so there's nothing unusual in that fact alone.

The common sense experts seem to be that only you can know the love where most early or late and self-conscious begins. Up until the age of three or four, parental reality isn't usually a problem. After about, though, a little more self-consciousness may be called for. To a small boy, just probably a very early, even in response, is not just another Twinkly-eyed baby.

As Leach says, "Deliberate displays of affection in the home are the best way to make sure that a child's eye, there is no jealousy between a little boy with a very poor and almost inevitable access to a little more love. Looking at a young son, parent, the child may actually away about his own presence."

A few other things you might

want to know about the latest number of the family:

1. A boy's penis is larger or smaller in proportion to the rest of his body, than it will ever be again in his puberty. Remember that he has not yet got the people at home.
2. Enemas are common in a baby boy, especially when he gets or needs to, when a diaper gets against his penis, when he is crying, when he's being washed, or at any other time of his day or night.
3. A boy tends to react very early on that his penis is both enormous and vulnerable. And you don't have to accept all the words of Freud to believe that a boy thinks his water tank to have one another in and he's afraid the same thing will happen to him.
4. A lot is said a boy, but most experts advise never to let that circumstance should only be performed for religious reasons.

A QUESTION FOR WHICH WE CAN PROVIDE NO ANSWER

A mother can take her son to any father's room. Why can't a father take his daughter to the man's room?

BOYS WILL BE BOYS AND VICE VERSA

There's the question of whether a careful really care. There's the question of whether a father is the question of whether boys and girls have been wrong before, or just not just that way.

Clearly, some combination of environmental and genetic factors determines who boys do boy-like things and girls do girl-like things that get us into all sorts of trouble.

Still, for those who work in areas of social and family and pop psychology, there's a question.

A bit of talent is always welcome.

JOHN H. HARRIS

and spent and everything else out of the world, there are undeniable behavioral differences worth noting. Girls generally do face better in school; they're more mature and focused, they speak and are more mature in speech, show more interest in people, and seem more dependent on others' reactions. Boys do have larger muscle mass and more advanced organs. They prefer group play, show more interest in science, and are better at mechanical skills and math.

ASK MOMMY

- Who is the city that?
- Are families people that?
- How does the baby get out of the mother?
- How does the baby get into the mother?
- Who is that?
- Why can't I get changing up?
- Where did that get?

BFF: Oh, well. She's looking to me, but I was lonely, I was really lonely.

BFF: You—you gave her Mom's a message?

MOM: I gave you an order? **BFF:** Don't touch me, you—

MOM: Apologize for that! **BFF:** You take? You play like that? You take?

MOM: I gave you an order! **BFF:** Look back here, I'll beat you! Come back here! I'll whip you!

—Arthur Miller, *Death of a Salesman*



GOING IT ALONE

According to a Gallup poll, women who custody of their children is about 20 percent of all divorce. And among the groups of children of divorced parents, only 21 percent say they feel close to their father; by comparison, 77 percent of groups with nondivorced parents feel close to their father. In short—and this shouldn't be used to you—if you're a divorced father, you're up against it. So:

1. Stay in contact with your children at any cost, no matter how tough logistics or your wife makes it for you to do so.
2. Don't fight in front of your children, or undermine your wife's authority. But, as one divorcee we know puts it: "Occasional lapses aren't the worst thing; you both have to know you had periodically about the situation."
3. Don't use your children as go-betweens.
4. Don't let your children think they caused the breakup.
5. Don't break appointments for visits, or if you have to, give plenty of advance warning and set new dates.
6. Wait awhile before you start dating again. Don't flood the physical side of your new relationship, and remember that, if you're lucky, a certain amount of hostility will be inevitable, no matter what age the child.
7. Don't foster the feeling of a reunion.

Try to be as casual about your time with your children as possible. Give them choices in your reading, don't entertain them. Talk. Read the newspaper to make up for lost time with lots of gifts. As Dr. Harold Leach and John Kelly, in *Between Father and Child*, put it: "Not like a dad, not a social director."





FEAR OF FLOODING

Some things, of course, you trust your kids to be afraid of: scary objects, old refrigerators, electrical outlets, your wife's Aunt Elsie. But no matter what kinds of warnings you give, there will be times when a kid's actually wise and use his Gray Matter that will make one guess. A guess.

Another given phobia and fear are snakes in children, especially in toddlers. Snakes, blood, death, big dogs, strangers, loud noises, baths, being separated from you—all are common childhood fears. Not being invited over by the bullies? Don't laugh. Or at least don't laugh in front of your child. Appear

The night you were born I ceased being my father's boy and became my son's father. —KENTY GREEN PHELSON

ally, this is a fairly common childhood fear, and Laura Goodman had when it came to Bioning: "Many children," she writes, "hate the odds and are frightened of the idea of Biongs being sucked away. They have no false idea of the relative sizes of Biongs that they may actually think that they might be sucked away too."¹⁷

And maybe, sometimes, they deserve to be. But to be helpful: With this, as with any childhood fear, confronting it in either situation will only reduce the bad feelings. Reassure the kid that there's nothing to be afraid of, and never tell him he's being silly.

YOU CAN HAVE
FUN WITH A SON,
BUT YOU GOTTA
BE A FATHER
TO A GIRL.

The lyrics from *Carsoul* probably said it best: Billy Bragg goes on and on about Eric Burdon and then totally breaks out: "Want a minute...could I be? What if he...is a god? Answer, *hell*! *hell*!" After a few chord changes, he comes to some sound.

My little girl
Peek and salute as peaches and
cream is ate ...
only to end up as a tooth

She's going to be sheltered and fed and dressed with the best the money can buy.

I never knew how to get more
 try, but I'll try I'll try I'll try?
 I'll go out and make it or steal
 it or take it, or die?

Now, No-odd-respecting man under the age of sixty could have in these boxes without feeling a least a twinge of moral repugnance.

say to old lady. But studies have shown that men simply treat girls differently—talk in softer voices than they do with boys, handle

them with more cases, give them more answers, help them more freely, hug them, kiss them, and smile at them more, play with

These are reminders that need to be fought. If you treat your gut like a beach, chances are

she'll end up a bomb
for you have seen the art, but

ing my father's boy
RELIGION

lose the same kind of bushy
moss you buy your son, don't lose

to make things too easy for her and above all, remember that everything was not free and Bill-Baglow decided to go out and

gry money for his daughter's
do, because what did he do? He
tried to steal it and he got killed
and then everybody had to say

about walking through a storm
and holding their heads up high
You call that living?



Being a Daddy

UNPUNISHABLE
DAD

A MYTH IS AS GOOD AS A MILE

Children believe in sleep and spirits, in Great Pyramides and Timberland. And like say of their creations, Santa

Classroom is a healthy purpose in the life of a child, as there's little or no point in trying to force reality in. As the child grows, the classroom becomes a place where the child can learn to live with reality.

brain-differentiation effort. "Dropping a holiday of its magic is no protection against the devastating ruses concocted when the time has left us."

prematurely. Premature retirement, like all other premature experiences, leaves us poorly equipped for dealing

with the vapours and inhalations of
laser hills.... The true wonder of
Christmas, aside from its religious

meaning, is the miracle of the child's mind, which permits him to learn the false disguise which hides his parent behind the image of Santa Claus, for

a parent of a teenage, gratifying
world.... So if we wish to help our
children have a healthy adolescence,

ing of reality and ability to cope with it, we must not only make it possible for them to hold on to their fantasies

the same time, but make their function become reality for them at significant moments.²²

Only a few minutes after his appearance were taken away by two other children of the age of three and four, and he said that there was no such person as Santa

Class. The author isn't explicitly told, but, in any of these great occasions of fate, was chosen to be no a Comitee.

Comere says a few months later, a store about what little children thought of Santa Claus.

"There's no such thing as Santa Claus," she told Mike Ford.

"Yes," she said.

You can't keep a good thing down.
Don't try to.



WHAT THE LEISURE SUIT SHOULD HAVE BEEN.

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SEARS
Roebuck and Co.
and a store or more.



THE LIFE OF
JIM MENEZ

FREDOSE DID IT
Imaginary friends don't show up in children's lives before the ages of two and three. They are much more prevalent among violent and only-childs, but according to The Growing Years, as many as half of all kids have them. "I make little ones," the author writes. "So try to reassure your child that the companion doesn't exist. Above all, don't be critical of your husband, and don't reveal to his sister

great idea as though he's willfully lying or modestly attributing to days past." *Beatrix* lists the invention of imaginary friends as an ingenious solution to a child's fears of doing the wrong things—even thinking the wrong thoughts—and he also encourages parents to go along with the invention.

The confusion comes when the Imaginary friend starts getting blamed for breaking the rules or making the dog, it may be against people, others, you? Well, that about a little responsibility? Because again, that when an Imaginary friend turns into an Imaginary antagonist, the proper response should be something like: "Well, you and I know that your friend shouldn't have done it. I think you're lucky to have such a friend to show you what you shouldn't do and to get you out of trouble." That may, he explains, year's an acknowledging that you both know the friend is nuts-but, hey, you're not affected or disturbed by anything.

Much the same holds true for the members in the cloud, the Israeli army, the fed, the militia, rioters, guerrillas, and dozens that other people in a child's world envision he lives that many of these Israeli neo-paganists subscribe, lowering children in the throes of the Human Development phase—that's the one in which a parent of the opposite sex starts looking assigned, and the other becomes such a short story that master comes to mind. Thus even the guilt and heat as the following: Fear puts at "Without knowing it, the child has displaced his love of his (parent)" repeatedly onto something (or someone) much easier to avoid."

Whether you buy the Freudian explanation or not, I will probably answer you a little bit to know the details of your child's fears, and/or is possibly that yourself wondering if the child has had personal touch with reality. But knowing any actually ways of coping with reality. Don't raise or over child's anxiety.

COUNSELOR: He's a very bright, very sweet, extremely nice little boy. Who is only likely to get worse as adolescence. He needs some special attention.

RAISON, it's 'cause he was first

GAREN: It's because he was out there. I think we were very upset when Kevin was killed—I mean, if he gets a scratch, we were hysterical. By the third day, you know, you let him decide things.

DR. LUCHE: On the other hand, Koven may have been like that in the womb. Recent studies indicate that these things are all chemical.

DR. GARDNER of Harvard: She needs more.

HAYES: Did [the Dr.] demand I never smoked when I was pregnant?

OK. But in college you were like a chemistry I thought you were going to join a riding band. You know, that could have been, oh, chromosomes... disorbals.

DR. URSULA: My Blackback, that's extremely unlikely.
HAREN THE GIRL: Will you give me a check?

MR. LUCAS: You should not look on the fact that Karen will be going to a special education school as failure.

BA: Right, I'll blame the dog.



NEVER-NEVER LAND, PART IV Never earned a father's goodness. There will be plenty of time for that later on. While he's low on stress, he should learn the pleasure of talking and being understood. Talking and being understood will help him off. Consciously, he'll be on his toes and will be a lot better.

Never correct a toddler's grammar.

There will be plenty of time for that. We'll have the pleasure of talking with you later, after the show. Good night. See you all next week.



15 JUL 2011

**TEN
COMMANDMENTS
TO PRESERVE
THY MARRIAGE
IN SPITE
OF CHILDREN**

1. Those glads attempts to spend
with dry wife at least ten minutes
per day about something other
than thy offspring, no matter
how boring, for subject may be

show that do this for the sake of
thy wife and thy land,
shall be extended unto four
times, and it shall be good.

▲ They and the wife share copious dry children equally, putting them meticulously into Little League and postmodern feminist fiction, in those and the wife some fit.

18. Thus shall remember the Sabbath day, and keep it holy, to those helpmeets who do not escape the tyranny of their oppressors once a week must walk in the valley of dry bones.

POISED FIGHT

A truth: Children do not do what they want a meal. If you don't want the dinner table to be a battleground, don't let an issue become one. It can be solved.

I have found the best way to give advice to your children is to find out what they want and then advise them to do it.

—HARRY S. THOMAS



STUDY AND TEACHING AIDS

As a father traveling with a child or children on any form of public transportation, you are likely to be more frowned upon, more scrutinized, and more openly asked than at any other time in your on-the-go life. For instance, you have, essentially, three options:

1. Leave no hate back.
2. Consider heavy drinking.
3. Explain the situation for all it's worth. Instead early, may mean, look like a gurgler, wear sympathy and down face memento.

OFF THE BEATEN TRACK

One might think that Spock would embody the stoical ideal, but you have to go back to a source that predates even Spock—the Bible—to read that sparing the rod will spoil the child. Here's the closest thing we could find that appears to fit in *Ex-pat*: it is a pre-appealing statement: "A sound smack on the head or the bottom may be necessary in a dangerous situation to get a serious message across. . . . Once comprehension is established, however, should





PROFILE

Her left
eye seemed slightly
off-center.
Was there something
weird,
unsettling about
this woman
who seemed so other-
wise normal?

"A FEW YEARS AGO I was on a very jammed New York subway, and I saw this girl looking at me. I thought, Here it comes, and sure enough, she said, 'Aren't you Meryl Streep?' I said, 'No,' and she looked at me harder and said, 'Oh, ah, I don't mean Meryl Streep. I mean Glenn Close.' I said, 'Yeah, I am Glenn Close.' And she said, 'What are you doing here?'"

I can imagine other celebrated actresses telling this story indignantly—or not telling it at all. Glenn Close is sitting under a tree in the leafy backyard of her house on a country road, an hour out of New York, barefoot and dressed in old overalls and a T-shirt, and her nose is light, dry, and unmade. It is a story rich

SHE'S NOT MERYL STREEP, BUT SHE'S

CLOSE

with suggestions of rivalry
with another, even more cele-
brated actress of her genera-

tion, about the cost to one's privacy imposed by stardom, about the
ambiguous nature of her stardom. But Glenn Close does not say, "What do
you think?" Instead, she looks away, smiles, and then breaks out in an amuz-
ing laugh—a laugh that is full

giggle, half gallow, a laugh that makes you think, once again: this is a woman
of many unexpected parts.

A brief encounter with an actress who

knows her selves By Charles Michener

It is not a question we ask of the great movie stars who feed our fantasy of
knowing them every time they appear on-screen. Glenn Close has been bril-
liant in five of the most successful dramatic films of the '80s, for which she
has won five Oscar nominations. (She also won a Tony for her 1984 Broad-

way hit, Tom Segalla's *The Real Thing*! And well she knows beyond our fears—unforgettable at first glance on the subway.

It may have something to do with her roles on cue, which have ranged from the unspectably noble to the titillatingly disturbed without a gaudy detour between. She was always fine when she made her first screen appearance, in *The World According to Garp*, as Jenny Fields, the incorrigible, all-knowing, and sex-deprived feminist—a shimmering figure on a pedestal. In *The Big Chill*, she was most approachable in this balance as no less a cool searching, she provided the one graciously chiding moment—saying nothing in the shower and leaving go all her grief.

Steve Miller once smiled, "If she gives any more, I'm going to have to ask for an armhole disconnection." What Miller may have had in mind was *The Natural*, which came close to making Glenn Close one and for all as the Good Woman, as this case the hometown member who is the real poet in the urban and all Robert Redford's obsession.

Two films, released in 1987, revealed further dimensions. *Heart*, a romance with Mandy Patinkin, cast her as a Good Woman possessed by the ghost of a madcap ramp out of the Romantic Twenties. It proved that Glenn Close could defuse, talk back, and sing—no mauling same deal, in his extensive stage career before movies, she had played lead song roles in two Broadway musicals, *Born on the Bay* and *Roxie*.

Requipped to go from sexual glutton to homicidal maniac, she barged through the mounting preposterousness with all-out determination.

glad Edge brought her fully up-to-date as Tolly Barnes—a smart San Francisco art teacher, divorced, struggling with tarnished skills, single dad, and the heady first consequences of getting to bed with the man she is defending against charges that he murdered his wife. Finally, she got to nurture and have sex. To keep her dreams and love her brains.

Next—*Fatal Attraction*. At first, her New Future seemed to be Tolly Barnes transferred to New York. But who knew what better lurked in the heart of a beautiful, single, driven, dangerously happy book editor? Required to go from sexual glutton to homicidal maniac, Glenn Close barged through the mounting preposterousness with such all-out determination that you couldn't resist mauling your wedding

was all over again. In her most recent film, *Dangerous Liaisons*, she was ripe of body (she had recently had a child and now had bulging eighteenth-century breasts) but disoriented of spirit. As the malevolent Marquise de Merteuil, she was all husked lies and expertly liked clean men, at the horns end, her heart finally quiet—or shocked—in a series of truly shocking force. Once again, Glenn Close had been magnificently convincing, snapping this satirically misread film into place. And once again she let us wonder, But who is she?



Fatal Attraction, 1987

I FIRST MET the "real" Glenn Close when she turned the Keyhole Hotel in midtown Manhattan, surrounded by black sunglasses, to join me for lunch. She was wearing a simple black dress, sleeves rolled up to the elbow. Her skin was pretty when, flower, and just possibly without makeup. Her hair, cropped very short, was styled and so blond it was almost white. She was dignified, then she appears on-screen, and her husky face—her most beautiful—like to call guests—were more fully changed than I had imagined. She greeted me pleasantly and leaned forward, a blow on the side.

I had read about sexual her childhood and

picked up and went off to Africa. She was still said, "But I left her. She was so good of how she had been discovered for Garp, in *Burns* she had been required to sit absolutely motionless in one scene and had succeeded so well that Garp's doctor, General Roy Hill, was struck by her "shaggy" smile."

"Then," she said quietly, "something I find very difficult to talk about in an interview. It was ultimately something that had a subtle moment. First, one was friendly, and it can be easily misinterpreted."

"But didn't your parents' leaving, like that, didn't that make you lonely?"

Her answer was direct. "I was quite into it to begin with. I was the child in our family who could be by myself for hours. I still can't look forward to being alone."

But Glenn Close seemed to have such a lock on her "parents" that I couldn't imagine what had made her seem to be an actress in the first place. "When did you give up hopes for acting?" I asked.

"Oh, I guess I've wanted to be an actress for as long as I can remember."

It came the laugh I was to hear over and over again, always unexpected—a laugh suggesting that there was both an awkward little girl and a woman, a woman in-

side this quietly self-possessed beauty. "The only movies we were allowed to see," she said, "were *Walk Down*!" "Tell me about your parents," I said. "What were they like?" "My father is a dentist who has got a lot of his dreams now asleep. When he was very young it had been his dream to start a medical clinic in a place like Zurich. Now he runs a clinic in Wyoming. "My mother is very down to earth. She's the most unambitious person I know."

Then, with one breathless change I wanted to ask about a special school high school where she had reportedly earned the

Charles Maloney, editor-in-chief of *Los Angeles Times*, writes frequently on the arts



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would work as an exceptional singing soprano called Up with People. And two marriages, each of which had lasted just three years: an early one to a rock guitarist; the second, when she was in her mid-thirties, to a businessman, likely her fiancé, however, she had put up no romantic signs. I had heard colleagues describe her as "divine" in the pursuit of her professional life. It was through her seriousness as an actress, I guessed, that she would meet someone here.

"What has string done for you?" I asked.

Her answer was direct: "It's what has kept sustained my life—as tablemate myself as my characters, so alone from them."

This turned the old question: To what extent was she aware of the character and vice versa? Watching Glenn Close, I had found it impossible to tell. "You mean," I said, "you don't start by thinking of a character as something so close out of yourself?"

"Absolutely not. My characters are people you just meet, like anybody else. It takes time to get to know them. I sometimes feel so deep in front of them that I have to force myself to speak their words. When I walk into the first rehearsal I sometimes feel I have no personality at all—it's like a personification of insanity. It's because I don't yet know who the character is. You have to look at the world through the character's eyes—not yours."

"Do most characters stay with you?"

"They become part of me. At first I thought Anne Marie's black leather

shoes you used to?"

She tilted her chin back of Marianne de Marston. "A lot less."

"How do you're... what? Temp-one?"

From then "Temp-two."

"That's a good sign."

"But not on paper. It's all on paper."

"I thought you were blessed—like Jonny Fields."

"I am, but I have to be positive."

"About what?"

"The press, among other things. Most of what comes to do here are with the press—they have to be. This sort of celebrity is highly marketability. You read these things about yourself and see how trivialized, how simplified everything is, and you think, 'This is not me, and who gives a h—?' This is my life? This green banquette in the Kerosene is not my life!"

A TALL, FRIENDLY MAN came out to greet her outside the comfortable frame house where Glenn Close had arrived to see her in circumstances more resembling her "life." He was John Starks, a Glen producer whom she had met during the filming of *Gipsy*, and who is the father of their baby girl—whose happy name I could hear through a window.

This is Anne Marie Starks—not that

G L E N N
C L O S E



Benjamin Glazer, 1988

"Something like (Sydney Pollack's) *Out of Africa*," I said.

"I would have loved that part."

The aspect of who did get the part of Karen Blixen loomed.

As if on cue, she said: "It's only in the last year that I've been able to compare myself to someone else—like Meryl."

"Maggie Meryl?"

The media's favorite phrase for our most dazzling actress, Maggie and Meryl—was it when Glenn Close does. Writing about Laurence Olivier and Ralph Richardson, the director Peter Hall suggested that there are two kinds of great actors—those who perform the role

(Olivier) and those who become a (Richardson). To put Meryl among the former category and Glenn Close in the latter is highly subjective—and difficult. But more than ten years ago, they did appear in the same play—*Love, Loss, and What We Do*, a supporting character in the play (*Shakespeare: Women and Oliver*, by Wendy Wasserstein).

"Glenn played her in the original production and Meryl did her on TV," recalls Wasserstein. "Linda was the sad girl, the one who walked in the shadow of her best friend, and both of these powerhouse actresses were confident. But with Glenn, you felt that she was that girl. With Meryl?"

As if on cue, Glenn Close then said, "It's only in the last year that I have been able to not compare myself to someone else—like Meryl."

over was out of it. Now I want it in my own."

"Which actress do you admire most?"

Her answer surprised me: "Bette Davis. I admire her because she wasn't trying to please people. She didn't say, 'Love me.' She had the courage to play unattractive characters with only the hope that people understood them in the end."

"What kind of characters interest you most?"

"I guess I'm most fascinated by characters who are perceived in a certain way, when underneath they're quite different. Because, honestly, I think that's what life is."

Staring across it appeared to be this film was what great acting was all about, I said: "Don't you have a lot more scenes

a great scene?" said the child's mother, bearing her (Jenny Fields) as the beautiful mother in her face. After John offered to "get her" with Anne Marie, Glenn Close and I went out to the backyard.

We talked about her joy as a mother, and her film development partnership with John (they haven't married). About her new film, *Indecent Proposal*, in which she and James Woods play "two nice people—surprised—going through an open adoption process." About the role she was preparing to start filming the fall, Martha "Sissy" von Helwig.

And we talked about the kind of character she would most like to play. "I've never played a really outrageous female before," she said. "I long to be a David Levin kind of movie."

Well, your eyes always went to Meryl."

"What are you doing here?" said the girl on the subway in the way Glenn Close told her (Marianne). Had she seen Meryl there, the question probably wouldn't have been asked. For we have come to know Sissy as an independent, her performance says, "Watch me dance!"

We are all going to know Glenn Close, and she has been easy, because of her easy way to know (actors, actors who love themselves in the process of discovery, who only ask of us: "Follow me if you will.")

Hearing the voice of Anne Marie approaching, I asked her how far she felt she had traveled in a woman and an actress. Her answer was completely on character: "Now," said Glenn Close, smiling, "I'm just getting started." —J.P.



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FASHION

SMART ALEC

HE'S PLAYED A HOOD

("MARRIED TO THE MOB"), A MEATHEAD

("WORKING GIRL"), AND A CORPSE

("BEETLEJUICE"). NOT EXACTLY A CARY

GRANT KIND OF CAREER. BUT

THERE'S A CLASSY SIDE TO ACTOR ALEC

BAWDWIN: WITNESS HIS STAR

TURN IN THE FORTHCOMING "THE HUNT

FOR RED OCTOBER." NOT TO

MENTION WHAT HE DOES FOR THESE ELE-

GANT-IN-THEIR-OWN-RIGHT SUITS

Double-breasted charcoal-gray pinstripe wool suit, striped cotton dress shirt, and silk tie by Darné Versace.

Photographs by Matthew Rolston





A LEC BALDWIN



At left: Double-breasted gray-
outback glass-plaid wool suit, cotton dress shirt,
and silk tie by Price by Patrick Lauren.
Watch by Patrick Philippe. Above: Double-breasted gray
wool flannel suit by Christian Dior for
Hermès. Cotton striped dress shirt and yellow-
dye silk tie by Alan Flusser.



Double-breasted navy wool and
cotton suit, striped cotton dress shirt, and
woven silk tie by Joseph Abboud.

At right: Double-breasted charcoal gray plaid
wool suit, cotton dress shirt,
and silk tie by Giorgio Armani. For store
information see page 230.





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AN OFFICE AND A GENTLEMAN

Clear desk, clear mind. Take your pick

The commonest observation about desks—that they reflect their occupants' state of mind—is particularly unsettling in a time when the ideal is an absolutely barren desktop the size of a dance floor. Such deskmen no doubt believe that a clean surface says they dwell so completely in the realm of ideas and action that even a paper clip constitutes unnecessary clutter. Well, they pay other people to have paper clip it that no object you say the occupant's mental state is empty—big and empty. A more sophisticated desk abed speaks of complexity, of ornate richness, of taste that is at once instantly recognizable as exquisite, yet so individualistic that no man but its occupant could have designed it thus. In short, yes: another desk where no work gets done.

Photographs by Sandi Fellman

Walrus desk from the 1870s (\$6,000, at Bonnet-Jourdan Antiques, New York). Turn-of-the-century American pen tray, bottle opener, tapers and small inkwell (\$1,200 for the set, at Susan Meisel Gallery, New York). Tiffany & Co. large yellow metal and gold fountain pen (\$270). Cartier black lacquer and red-onion-gold Parker fountain pen (\$290).

THE CEO

Mark II: yellow and pink gold safety fountain pen (\$1,000). Eversharp fountain pen (\$600). Latture crystal ball (\$75).





Three-drawer heavy table (56,500, at Michael Cury Inc., New York); designed in 1912 by Eileen Stilleby, the most important force behind Mission-style furniture; the oak Australian bush is the wood choice—quarter-sawn oak, cut to show the figure grain. The red: Manzanita-patterned rug (57,500, at Michael Cury Inc., New York); Mission-style velvet chair (52,000) and green oxbow moss (from a collection, \$400–\$1,100, all at Michael Cury Inc., New York); stone two-backed bench of a \$1,280 set, at Treasures & Teller, New York; Marooned Designs leather desk holder (5184); Cow leather box (506); Macdonald sterling paper clip (500); Alfred Busch

THE LAWYER

Number (570); Artistic bobbin desk lamp (520); gold-plated brass crack lacquered shaver (\$140, at B. F. Simkins, New York); antique brass-and-silver-trimmed cufflinks (5025–\$1,300); Remora silver-plated brass-hand letter opener (5395); M. & Co. metal-style pocket watch (5140); Bush nibblers for machines (5540) and cutter (5540).





S t r e a m l i n e d

Early European embossed dish of nickel, enameled metal, and tinted glass (\$12,800, at Alan Moss Inc., New York), designed in 1928 by Bown, a French artist best, for Thonet, the celebrated German furniture house. The next Gertrude Toppo and career (\$2,500, part of a full service, at Alan Moss Inc., New York), Grogg lenses showing silver letter spines (\$275), silver silver (\$125 each) and vintage chrome desk clock (\$275, both at \$6.50, New York) vintage Bauhaus watch (\$3,400), Grogg lenses multi-black aluminum embossed lenses from a collection, \$15-\$550; enamel inked (\$2,875, at Linda Moss Antiques, New York); Thoma Dymmer camera

THE ARCHITECT

(\$400), a reproduction of the original rectangular crystal pendulum (\$750) vintage Fisher 51 fountain pen (\$180), Elroy & Co. showing silver ruler (\$180), architect's frame (\$400) and bookends (\$150, both at MAMA, New York); Lucerne De Vries magnifying glass (\$300) and silver and gold paperweight (\$2,800), and Alfred Bessie paper (\$250)



Curved American silver-pewee—a black desk (S3,500) with stylized-plated steel hardware, designed in 1946 by George Nelson, the architect who led brothers into the postwar period as design director for the Herman Miller Furniture Co. The desk was the first to make use of metal file drawers. The molded plywood chair (S300) is by Charles Eames. Desk and chair of \$8,500, New York. Other classics of the period include the reconditioned Remington portable typewriter (S350); the Big Ben alarm clock (S75); and space-suspension desk lamp (S300), at Max Mosey Inc., New York; the rolling chair desk (S2,800), at James Robinson, New York; and the Parker 55 fountain pen

THE WHITES

(S180), and pencil sharpener (S20). The General Electric phone (S29.95) and answering-machine unit (S120.99) and the Zenithm typewriter (S165), at R. L. Pardy, New York are all today's classics. For more information see page 236.



B

Fraud. Genius. Holy man. Movie star.

R

Martyr. Monster. Fool. Hero. Whore.

A

Neurotic. Poet. Pig. Burnout. Legend.

N

Beauty. Beast. Behind all these masks,

D

there must be a man. By Mark Kram

O

HOW CIVILIZED the fame game was then, a timid, farset glimpse for the observer, the observed cordoned off by a dreamlike distance of respect. Worsley knew its place, so did

greitness. It was caught sharply once by a young American student as he sighted Flaubert suddenly passing his table, their gazes meeting, his eyes like bits of faded blue sky, the huge body looming down, then gone, a magnificent

sheep of achievement rearing on the sunlight like a mannequin, leaving behind forever a face, the smell of afternoon wine, and mystery unscathed by any attempt at aggressive familiarity. How easily devotion and com-

osity were tamed. All that was asked of, say, a Shelley was his belief of lines, never mind that he was a coarsening sensual, an evangelist of free love, a brooder in private about his lack of noisy attention. The exposed colossus

was to be the artist of the next century.

No war or anger wounded authority on that subject more than Marlon Brando, the sort-of exemplar in the age of perfected mythomania. The fame game seems to have eaten him

alive, crunched and marched him into a brand-name psychological mask (so many conflicting tales, so many releases from the light of grinding axes) that repels him, created a dark love that has fascinated for nearly five

decades. The tranquil, golden haze that gathered over the blues of Shirley and Flaubert still lie over him to have dissolved, the work absorbing, brilliant, and colorful, the work speaking for the man. To that end, he has gone to dramatic lengths, from playing the saxophone to the piano for a number of years, to writing into a novel a less comic of himself, of the mixed values of the business that sponsored him, and of the isolation and hermetic gloom of a nervous self-consciousness in the

No matter how successful or contemporary he is, no matter what he says, nothing seems to diminish the gravity of his name, the wonder, even when he stood beneath a trillium in *A Structural Noise*, an annual in past, and someone found the hearing amplified. Now, after nearly 30 years of almost total anonymity—the same to me disfigure and distance the way what actors use a false nose—Knapke is back to work on the legend again in two films: *A Dry Wipe Season*, a South Atlantic (never let a moment pass but below his price, and the roots to be released *The Freedom*, in which he plays a black scholar who comes put to work a college near the end of the 19th century.

The South African lawyer appeals rather genuine, almost clinical rage toward injustice. Give him a script and he'll examine it like a medical

Like a sudden slap to the face, he put young males in touch with their maleness, replacing tentativeness with a code, however primordial.

subverts, blowing away the dust of nonsense, looking for the villain and us and that correspond to his life views, for those that determine the political grabbers of the world. To the ordinary, nonbelieving mind, the *Confessor* was about people showing other people all their own, pouring blood into manna's snare, and as an act it will observed anthropology of a politician. Just to Brande, the Mafia was a metaphor for corporate thuggery in America. Don Cadeaux the archetype of the man in the Oval Office. Immature making the capacity for evil. The *Forbes* would appear to be Brande proof, test of asking emotion, a key for the money, something that touches the whining at last. Except the dramatic, and the Regatta, who never tire of the world's all men. Immature film, a *Forbes* appears about the CIA, the one should be despised more that Hollywood and the gonkies in the end.

But after ten years of absence, it is remarkable that there remains any demand for Brando, and it would be understandable if there were none, he has always carried a lot of unkempt, industry baggage. The war movies have traveled down the decades, and

The Rebel in The Wild One, the smoking machine being made the brother jerked a smug of rebellion.

entirely to the new industry, which is sensitive about this sort of a polyglot loss in their profit base, the very mention of Braniff's name has been known to cause heat-riser reactions. The legend, then, the talent, cannot be denied. "Would that it were so, but the new executives—who bring to film all the passion they would to a list of songs—have no patience with historical memory, except at the Academy Awards, like *Amos*, disposable legends are five years from now!" linked in the new medium or inform the past, true gains belong to collage art, in the art being shown that the stylistic queen of a revolution.

In the more reverent mood, Baudouin might as well be coming back from the dead, doing the Lennon turn (his posing). Large-city curators of a sequel, not that disinterested was the new edition of *Orson Welles* wasn't allowed to work for years for many reasons, among them his film socialism. The same for the great dramatic *His Master, His Man*, and now Robert Altman. John Huston stepped in again because he was the consummate professional. Granted he'd powered Ray Stark's *Changing the Weather* for him. Telling needs context, a story and characters to make it, components that are vague to an audience that expects ten principles, organic violence, technological feats for the eye and come-back acts for the stars, a trend well under way when France

took a powder. To this audience—say, under forty, certainly under thirty—the Beardo name can't mean much, so the fat guy, maybe, again, accused and again bearded on an island.

[illegible]

Mark Singer is a contributing editor of *Esquire*. His last piece, a feature on Muhammad Ali, appeared in the June issue.

with a ragged, mean demeanor and possessed a handsome smug of smug and provocation, fresh and blood off one's lips, would bend the corner and wringing in a gaze of light.

That stage is critical to the face of Brando, especially to those over forty, some of whom are less for the first time in *The Godfather* and *Last Tango in Paris*, others who were there when it began, all of them waiting for the voltage to hit and crack one more time. To his older followers, he has always cast a wider net in his roles, the very life of the times can through him. Like a sudden slap to the face, he seemed to put young men in touch with their mothers, to replace motherhood with a code, however, potential. After his performance in the dominating lady-boss Stanley Kowalski in *Streetcar*, urban centers and colleges were filled with young men in suits *T* shirts who vowed never to be a politician for any reason. In *The Wild One*, he portrayed a coming era of rebellion and psychic unrest, made the leather jacket a symbol, and flooded the highways with motorcycles. What was he selling again? His character replied, "What have you got?" In *On the Waterfront*, he struck a menacing being in many men with a knock-knocker to his double-crossing brother, Chastity, but that one all repeated: *I couldn't had done, I couldn't have a contender, an impressive threat to the heart of being a man, so all those futures out there in the dark*

Here was Brando lumbering about, hair whitened, face melting; Brando gorging on crab legs, butter dripping from his chin like raindrops.

sure to be pleased with those robbins like the snare boss Johnny Friendly, the man who once owned, can you handle it and more about with dignity?

And the stories, the love lived up to the screen identity: there was a long-standing conviction that he would never achieve a career out during *Streetcar*'s long Broadway run unless he could produce an occasion. "The Slob," Time called the image. Brando did fancy the label much. Yet, otherwise, his behavior shined. He hated the first of new clothes, so he borrowed his agent's old suits, most of the time he was in jeans, adding to his house already. He was beautiful at parties, with simple good suits. When a woman came home late last night, she said, "Why, you look like everyone else." He looked at her, then walked away and stood on his head. The first words he said to a Chicago publisher, getting off the train with a per occasion on his shoulder, were "What can I get Russell to do?" Was he in a state, to be the colossal image (quite doubtful), or was it all just an exterior behind which he could hide and probe for a true self that could cope? The quest, along with shrouding depression,

The Holy Shit
"People asked me
if I was really
Bertrand," Brando
said. "I hated him."

led him into one-year therapy with Sigmund Freud, and still the psychoanalyst said, he still seemed adult. With long snout, he once confided "All I want to be is actually in-
stant."

There are people who, when they enter to shock us, seem to move as Brando no longer should, yet he continues to be of personal magnetism, some of a because of what he attempts at isolation.

When the first came along, there were just long going columns and pages again, all like a stream of news ribbing at him. Now there are some lines, photographers dangling from helicopters, an editorial disengagement over doing on the air that an interview, and guys who would back through a jungle for a chance to discover what he says in the back room. As he returns to public view, how disgusting a man he is to him, how concerned and exposed he must feel, with more of intimate camera whoring and reading the story of a face and body that soaked women's hearts and made men squint over their gonorrhea shots change, showing what happened finally to Kowalski, Tracy Malley, the son of a bitch, looking Johnny on his cycle, revealing to the star goody world new evidence of how ephemeral and mortal even the gods are; Brando lumbering about, hair whitened, face

melting, and carrying three hundred pounds, Brando gorging on crab legs, butter dripping from his chin like raindrops. He never understood the appeal of the late Harold Christman, whom he once knew on Broadway. "What an adventure, life," he was fond of saying. "What fun, the dog." The God part demanded Brando, the fun of fame, money, women, and his role was imperishable.

BRANDO HAS ALWAYS disparaged the specialness of acting, regarding it with some mindless reflex and an unconscious common to all humans. Deep, yet, that's a deeply ethical puzzle for a dramatic actor that is no more common than drinking towels. It is an outlook directly at odds with the holy canon of cinema and movies, a life lost on the power of cinema, a distance to the racial vision without that finds the tradition. But this attitude has not been rare among actors, particularly Spencer Tracy and Richard Burton. Tracy favored not acting as knowing your lines and not knocking over the coffee table. He thought it an intimate calling, and when Brando's wife Anna Kashfi taught her actor, he told her, "Don't let about it. Acting doesn't require horsepower. Look



as your husband?" Burton thought the craft demanded the man run fast, not punch his heavy, bloody fists right before that bad-lunged lion where a man's sense of himself could be easily palpable. What a poky intention, acting. How do you act an intention, then what? "How come you always ask questions about acting? What else you got?"

Stella Adler, the grand dame of acting pedagogy, was the first influence on Brando's career, in 1943. Irrresponsible, dominant, she knew how to fill a room. Her approach was to allow an actor to find the emotional in himself. An actor must control words, being imaginative to them. Ever since, Brando has used words as a character. So far here thought that he is incapable of oversteering lines, they are poured on cards around the set, even on the foreheads of other actors. OMD, for a man that can quote obscure passages of Shakespeare without effort. Quite simply—read to him like so much about society's view of life itself—the discipline of literature reduces him to a mechanism, imprints whatever mood or energy he wants to film out. He needs a lot of room. Adler gave it to him, and he's fought with every director since, who's tried to put his talent in a room. It was Adler's contention that she taught him nothing, that the "just opened the door, and he walked through it." She added: "He lives the life of an actor every hour of a day. If he is

He told his coarse father he wanted to be an actor. "What?" asked the father. "Look in the mirror! Who would hire a yokel like you?"

talks to you, he will know everything about you, your smile, the way your teeth grow."

By an infinite number of perceptions he seems to form his own choices about the fate of a person, about what moment of controversy it deserves. He can disappear from the screen, or attempt to commit visual suicide, as he did in *The Mission* finale, trying to cut with a garrote around a gag on a cobblestone when he turns the character of a meadow killer into a dapper even night-day quip. He's walked through a lot of films, so did the men Oliver, but none of them stuck to him, nobody counted. Being an intense induction, the gallant professional who doesn't let the side down, never figures in it. As a fierce end of himself, Brando created guards as a proper, it works or it doesn't. But even Burton, who advised Brando, said that "I wish I could take him in my arms and shake confessions out of him." Above all else a reverential man of the studio stage, he thought that Brando raised many problems by underestimation.

The history of his interaction with his peers doesn't fit the three who share in his work, it measures its impact. Such a man would



The Wild One
bad ideas, I made
him a confederate."
The lowest tangent of
Burt Mayes

he share the frog, would not cut enough to respond to the threat of competition. But actors, who would eventually lose their way, are poised on the edge of envy all their lives. They are untrained to the most slight, can take any incident into a contest of wills. Even so, the idea of those of huge stature visibly making about completely would act as to be not trivial, a force derived by

the press. In Burton, Brando enlightens on the subject, how the telephone it was, always there on the inside, is driven from the outside one. A hand back or Wale asks him. "What do you think of this Brando boy?" Burton replies. "Very good, very good indeed." The lowest shows close, and says "But Rich, can you best him?" For all his protestations, Brando played the star business like everyone else. His answer shot up

on the screen, a war not that his method of offense (leading other actors, creating an area chaos, playing mind games with directors) was never equaled. Unlike Jaffe, a press agent, all of people, sees much more. Jaffe and Brando were close in the early days, even shared the same psychanalyst. "All his actors," says Jaffe, "what made him, drives him, or cripples him come from a momentary lack of self-esteem." It is crippling early, and was looked up forever in his mind when he told his coarse father that he wanted to be an actor. "What?" asked the father. "Look in the mirror! Who would hire a yokel like you?"

To Brando, authority, my kind, ambulates him. Brando was in

view of Charlie Chaplin, and he worked for him in *A Countess from Hong Kong*. Brando has never claimed to be handy with comedy, a deficiency he often repeated when he would loudly watch Edward and Hardy films, he thought he would learn from the great Charlie. Instead, Chaplin rewarded him with paralytic directions, he tried him with wit. But it was more than that, Brando cried later. "He was a mean man, Charlie. Sadistic. He humiliated, insulted his son [Sydney, who had a small part]. It infuriated Brando, and when Chaplin told the same thing with him, Brando told him where he could stick his movie, leave by home, getting. "Don't you ever speak to me or that sort of voice!" Chaplin, he said, was a mean little fellow but a monster of a man. By then, Hollywood was coming up to the same judgment about Marlon Brando. *Countess* was near the end of a long line of ten before, not only at the box office. There had been neither collapse in his unimagined work. And though all stars make horrendous choices of film (mistakes are not infelicitous, you have to trust them eventually), the coarse yelp of Brando's dogs quelled the rest of his cynicism. He had become a lack, a no-



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balist back at that. In Hollywood, genius is required to master mingling-up-appeal candy cultural parody. His ex-wife Anna Karina says Brando had asked this from the first, saying that you could defeat one on the map out here if the prize was right, now his career was in shatters. He spouted a retreat to the stage (Julius Karon and Olivier), the actor required a grueling aviation spin, high-action commences, he surely hadn't forgotten how Brando had crashed his parachute. As a star, he defied, leaving behind much success but a year of isolation, a model for future actors. As director Lewis Miliante observed, every peak can be with a couple of lines seemed to die and be a Brando.



The Brando Last
Range in Paris, he was
Karlinski with an
admission, romantically
complicated.

IT HAD BEEN compressed over the years that Brando threw himself so intensely into the role of Stanley Kowalski that he became him, a smotherer of other people's feelings, with a passion and drive in relentless, unyielding. The latter appeared intensely to men (it that was murder one, then most of them would be for connection), and women seemed a driving sexuality in him, a final quality that required no concessions. Each then was with a woman, sexual with restraint and a rigid narrow of decorum. All the great screen lovers were feathery, slash chaos, polluted, simple with each other and conscious of sexuality's extent.

Brando was sweet, people demands, and there were no rules, only a room and a bed.

Back then, all the great screen lovers were feathery, rakish threats. Brando was sweet, demands, a room and a bed; a kitchen table would do.

a kitchen table would do. And he had no conscience, back when he did not know it, a girl Vivian Leigh in *Stromboli*. Kowalski was a rising temperance that never let Brando alone. "I loved him," said Brando. "People have asked me if I'm really Kowalski. Why, he's the ancestor of me. Kowalski is a man with out any sympathy, without any morality but his own."

There is no reason—except for his unending love life officers and some valuable testimony from an outside—not to take him at his word. He has spent his whole life learning from "The Shole" up. The first thing he said after he became a star was, "Now I have to educate myself." After then, he has read Eastern religions, read philosophers from Lao-Tzu to Schopenhauer in the power of eye, even, his single goal being to try to understand himself and his own being, to find The Truth from somebody "you think is over a bullshitter," somebody who has the eyes of a cat and the perceptions of a ghost. He's never gone along with Sofia Adin, who had to quote to him "Don't try to know who those are. Long both this also contained that." Those who have been close to him say that much from the search studies him, that he is a man going at no

used to camp out at night while choosing The Marlon Brando. With the Marlon sky above and hanging, he sat in the dark, quietly intense and fingering a cigarette, among the lightning strikes, which were enough, he said, to make him feel relaxed. This side has been shown only rarely. Mostly, he has condensed to appear with being and a word, oblique gentlemanly. One of the few interviews of any length was with Truman Capote. The writer first met him in a deserted theater. Brando was in rehearsal, and the young Brando was using orange, on his chest an open book, *Basic Writings of Sigmund Freud*. He was in dress pants and a white T-shirt, and Capote instantly saw the sexuality. He wrote "It was as if a strange's hand had been attached to the brawny body, as if an entire counterpane photograph. For this face was very unattractive, unimpressive as it did an almost single performance and confidence." He went on to talk about his aquatic nose and full lips that had a relaxed, almost expression. "When I was, Capote wrote him off as a dreamer. "Maybe," joked Brando, "because I got my nose broken."

Brando was passionate about housing, and before On the Waterfront he spent days studying the midwestern Society Center. During the run of *Streetcar*, he had to spend backstage, hence the broken nose. He was not only pinned at home but in, he was closed that a model his face more so coming. The producers later belatedly agreed "I honestly think the broken nose made his face more so for the movies go. I gave him an appeal. Previously, he had been so beautiful." It was an appeal that he dismissed. "Women, he said, never stared at him when he walked by. If they did, it was the momentary glare."

"You've got to have love," he told Capote. "But other reason is the other living. That has been my main trouble. My making to love anyone." He didn't seem to stop long enough to feel out, he had his own taste. And he found toward dark, dusky women, usually foreign as all foreign expressions. Light-skinned women, he told Karmli, disturbed him sexually, explaining, "My mother was blond, you see." The Kansas beauty France Nuyen was one of the few American women he romanced. Brando drove her to an odd risk her weight gained and she lost a role in a movie. Another, so became



At last,
perfection in a vodka.
Tanqueray Sterling.

ed, put a wooden chair on his lawn. Another attempted suicide, anything to ease his attention. He used to understand the desperation of love: "Nothing lasts for more than a little while. You could have a girl so much you could eat your watch's gears. A year later you never want to see her again."

His thoughtfulness, love was never driven to lives of cold content. "He was talking to me one day," I remember Eddie Jaffe, "and he said excitedly that he had just met the most beautiful woman ever. Wow, I thought, he'd had some luck. I asked him why. And he said, 'She's had the accident he's ever loved.'"

Kauli sat down this perfume to Kauli's need to feel superior to women. Their marriage produced one boy, Devi. He supposedly never lived with Kauli, a Mexican actress, yet it was a legal woman on paper that gave him tender boy, Mike. Since then, he's had a Tahitian wife, who recently accused rather passionately with him that it was the marriage to Kauli that was a nightmare. According to her, it was rife with violence, nervous, kinky sexual compulsions (fit, of course), and time full of anxiety.

Mike's book, she accused him of being a "cluttered woman" and a sexual liar, a man who still has to confide in his penis. Some of the most observations are very revealing, if you can believe them, but when it comes to a man and a woman in their bed, or a battle for child custody, it's best to stick to

You've got to have love," he told Capote. "What other reason is there for living? It's been my main trouble, my inability to love anyone."

severely of judgment. Besides, what did she expect when he first showed up to court her dressed as a Good House maid, white dress, pearls, gloves, and made around Hollywood in a convertible with a truck-size wing on his head? To her credit, she dismissed most of the personal tales he had heard. But she thought he was capable of human construction, he entered the years where she lived.

And who wouldn't believe anything after *Last Tango in Paris*? Here was Kauli with an education and emotionally unquarantled. The critic Pauline Kael once called it a suspension of the breakdown. The director, Bernardo Bertolucci, had among Brando's, he knew he been quoted, only seemed to be performing like this since the days of *Elia Kazan*.

The film is centered on a vague apartment, an act of revealing fears, of bad memories. As co-producer and actor rebel, Paul (Brando) is an aging object of society, with the haplessness of life exposing him emotional flesh. All his life he has been in search of love; now he wants a reply he can understand: no names, no ideas, trust, demand, sex without love. "You see," he says to Jeanne

Christina Marquand, was extended: "Forty years of Brando's life experiences were into the film. It's Brando talking about himself, being himself. His relations with his mother, father, children, lovers, friends—all come out in this performance." At the end of the shoot, an exhausted Brando said, "I will not go through this again."

WITH HIS CHALK room in the late 1950s, Brando spent all of his time as a Tahitian and he had passions. He was attracted to the legends and oppressors of the society, to the party of life, and no doubt to the beautiful women, unrequited psychologically. There is a lot of Kauli's in him, a lack to sense desire that drives him on want to make the world. It would be surprising if Brando had not read him, the much of his social thinking echoes Kauli's: "The man that 'saw' his hands was fatal to his fellow men." On his kind of Tropicana—where meaning, "traveling alone" and the meaning, "the story"—it was in it Brando were going about putting Kauli's madman into action. When he wasn't walking naked in the rainforest, he walked like a slave trying to effect a rope. He

posed millions into the environment, showed himself into a myriad of scientific experiments aimed at creating a simple, highly functional society (see of Western culture).

The 1950s were also a peaceful time for Brando's interest for social action. He campaigned hard for the civil rights movement, fought for the Black Panthers, and championed his favorite cause, the plight of the American Indian. Wrongly, critics saw his rejection as a desire to prove a failing career. His compassion for bottom dogs went way back. Once, when he had just won the Academy, he was in a bar with the Chinese, and one of his partners showed him "Jap" wearing short-circuit bandaid and dirty million. "Worry about us, our first-year partners!" He asked him: to do the film called *Seven* with Gila Peracoma. Skinning took place in a desert of Colombia, and he was quickly at odds with the Indians, the way he treated blacks, who got half the pay of whites and were given shoddy living facilities. "I want to kill Gila," he was heard saying. "I really want to kill him." Questioned why, Brando said: "Because he has no feeling feelings for people."

The Do: He Brando.
Gorgeous and like
Mafia were a metaphor
for corporate
hugger in America.

(John S. Schander), "we're going to forget everything we know. All the people, whatever we lived. Everything outside the place is built in." He was whistling, guttural, her actually into a mere body, dominating her and forcing her to make a decision against love and society. Watching one scene, Brando's director said, "Something's up, he's taking this so seriously." An actor himself,

Sheets

to

live

in



John Ruggie (adapted)

developed with Hughes

Alan Watts

John and Alan Watts play

negative in Brando's "Seven

Five" had given a change of

and had him with people in

cents in a person's hand of 10%

covered entire and 20% pop

with. Distributing about

producer John Watts is an

actor, producer, writer, but

didn't tell anyone about his

inability to be important

case.

Wamsutter

MOMEN

WE LOVE

NADJA SALERNO- SONNENBERG

Play for us, you big wild gypsy
 girl, you who look as if you might
 have spent the morning digging
 potatoes on the slopes of Rome,
 you who rarely galloped as on a
 meeting mare, but took to standing
 in the saddle, you whose dirty
 cream silk of bodice and petticoat
 you who wanted a dagger for a
 brooch, grab your violin as if it were a
 stolen chicken, roll your perpetu-
 ally excited eyes at us, scold it with
 that sly brow dumping you roll
 a mouth, edges, lips, fingers, flick,
 frown—and fiddle. Fiddle on
 through the mist, fiddle on over the
 moon, higher than rock 'n' roll
 can fly, now these strings as if they
 were the leg of the century, fill
 the hall with the noise of your pas-
 sion, play Mendelssohn for us,
 play Brahms and Beethoven, get them
 drunk, dance with them, wound
 them, and then move them around,
 like the eternal beauty that you
 are, play until the heavens burst in
 the ceiling, play until wolves
 chase their tails in the moonroom,
 play until we forget how we long
 to tumble with you in the flower
 beds under Chichester's windows,
 play, you big wild gypsy girl, until
 beauty and wildness and longing
 are one.

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HATE GETS A HAIRCUT

DOCUMENTARY

WE'RE IN THE CAR WITH DAVID DUKE, leaving Jefferson Parish, Louisiana, the soul of the New South, and heading—get this—north into the soul of the Old South, Folsom, Louisiana, in St. Tammany Parish. Both are suburbs of New Orleans to which several percentages of pale-complected folks have fled to escape the microcosmos of darker folks taking full advantage of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 to sit themselves down on creaky lunch-counter stools, on swarty bus seats, dark southern movie theaters, cracked under-black schools, and finally whole New Orleans neighborhoods. That David Duke has set up camp and dragged his satchel across the Jefferson Parish line is no mistake. ♦ The thirty-five State Legislative District, which elected Duke to the Louisiana House of Representatives earlier this year, runs from Bucktown, a fishing village on Lake Ponchartraine, south through Old Metairie, a country-clubbish conservative stronghold, down to the river. Cross Airline Highway, take the Huey P.

Klansman David Duke is now a politician.

Long Bridge over the Mississippi, head south, and what you hit first is swamp, then barrier beach, then the Gulf of Mexico, then another hemisphere. In America, you can't get much farther south than here. ♦ Folsom is a

Worse yet, he believes his own oratory

small town south of New Orleans, across Lake Ponchartraine. In the parlance of the region, "north of the lake" is code for "white," which in turn translates to "safe," which, of course, means "good." ♦ David Duke was eager that I accompany him to Folsom, to the Yates Arena, for the Second Tri-State Rodéo Association Rodéo. We had already spent a couple of weeks together, but Duke was busy much of that time Representing, which meant in large part wallowing in the oceans of polyester leisure jackets and postmodern Ser-Ser beach that is the Louisiana State Legislature. He had been in a sort of daze, I thought, a man

Long Bridge over the Mississippi, head

small town south of New Orleans, across

By Lucian K. Truscott IV



Duke became an TV grand wizard but made himself, including the white robes and hoods of the old woads and wearing a new, corded, business-suited, idiosyncratic Klan. As a means of the corruption of the mainstream, Duke was seen a step, selling a leader, grade system on TV talk forum Ben Bradsher and Nightline, and on dozens of local TV and radio talk shows.

He is called "the leader," and everywhere he went, the Klan picked up a lot of respectability, something, so it turned out, that the Klan didn't particularly want. But David Duke picked up what he wanted—money.

He was, from the beginning, an opportunist, a rascal, and even vicious personality, whose supporters convinced the very "principles" of his use as a means to an end, while all of the time he was in a position of power, a Georgia Senator, a founder of the American Nazi party.

The late Duke learned, quickly and instinctively, one of the first years had to do with protection of reputation and code words. When in the future, he learned that it was best to simply go up on a stump in the great hall meeting of St. Bernard Parish and lay at the room, with a great smoking cross in front of him. He understood the subtle hypocrisy of the media—that if you spoke in certain terms—and call them words of crime, big-style instead of justice.

By and by, Duke, security and order and affectionate and order of life—just why, they'd give you peace, your law, your modulated delivery in many parts, as you "manage."

So he stepped through the KKK robes quickly, discarding those robes when he couldn't stop holding "negro" whenever their blood was up. This, coupled with an incapacity for organization and administration, was Duke's secret of why. People like Karl Hunk, a chief lieutenant in the Louisiana Knights, and Don Black, Duke's Alabama engineer, became his enemies from his cell in the Congressional race, while a living a very close step of murder, Duke published a newsletter

Moving Duke for "congressional" Klan idea in a "cable" to "maneuver" Black men out with Duke's enraged wife, Chloé. Jerry Denton, once Duke's Louisiana grand dragon, left the movement and published a pamphlet concerning Duke's "promises" and "safety."

Class reunions marked the end



The Young Republic, 1988. Duke went up on election night.

planning against Duke by rank-and-file KKK, with Klansmen and Klan Klan drive trucks, pumped gas, fired back pipes, and generally went for their pay. "David Duke has not been required to work on a limited day since he became involved in the movement," stated Hand from prison. "Therefore, compromising here and there can be justified." Duke got his money from selling some literature and from donations by members like Willie Carie, a Washington-based millionaire and a complicated California man whose dirty "Liberty Lobby" is dedicated to posing that the Holocaust never happened. Duke selected "leaders" through the pages of The Crusader, a Louisiana Klan newspaper.

DAVID DUKE

par, and The NAACP (National Association for the Advancement of White People) News. In addition, LSU graduate Duke wrote several, primarily ground books that sold freely in direct mail. Pamela Karpman, a sex manual for women trying "to get and hold men," which learned advice on the best sex techniques, and African Arts by "Muhommed K," a career flight manual advising Americans blacks on how to conduct the coming war with "Whites" (sample: "Tell Moslems to dominate the enemy"). As he grew more famous, Duke was also able to move into the high-level cops and U.S. courts, drinks, and acts of public defiance, all during his time as a leader.

But there were other schemes too. In 1987 Duke joined a group of white supremacists in North Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama, who were plotting to bring and take over, in their view, were opponents because they asked blacks. There were conflicts with black and right activists, and Duke, along with the KKK, was arrested. The Complaint to the North Carolina District Court, United Post Office Box 446 in Cambridge, Georgia, and began following Duke.

Duke returned home to Louisiana but soon formed his own group, called the North Carolina Defense Fund, raised Box 446 in the Clinton, Georgia, post office, and through The NAACP News and its twenty-five thousand members mailing list, collected \$5,000 on his own. Duke's plan for money was accompanied by a letter signed by a Defense League member, Mark Wain. When Wain later learned a sign of the letter, however, he protested that he'd never seen it and that Duke had forged his name. But nothing was done of these charges. The state of Georgia, for its part, kept Duke \$500 for his part in the matter, for "reckless conduct" and "obstruction of a highway," and the case was closed.

Other rumors were even less easy. On Duke's longtime media and opposing parts around the South, and during previous successful campaigns for the legislature, Karl Hand charged Duke required supporters to "buy him up" with women. Hand claims that Duke's ex-wife, Chloé, also complained about Duke's pornography collection. Hand, as a fit of rage just before his own split with Duke, attacked his brother's appointment and found the descriptions of a woman's particular spots for pornography, claiming it was exclusively with white girls having sex with black boys.

By the early Eighties, Duke's problems with other Klansmen had led him to dissolve the Louisiana Knights and form the

National Association for the Advancement of White People, appealing normally to the same old phobias and prejudices—but allowing him to unfold some original ideas and further "moderation" the more recent's image. Duke incorporated the NAACP as a non-profit corporation, which of black men for example states, and he claims to take no money other than copy to his president. However, the New Orleans Times-Picayune reported in August that Duke is also the sole owner of a company that has earned at least \$500,000 from the NAACP and Duke's 1988 presidential campaign in payment for various services. In 1988, for instance, Duke's company, Business Consultant & Strategist, received \$100,000 from the NAACP for "marketing" assistance. These methods have allowed him to pay his living expenses, at least in Chloé and his two daughters, keep himself in a Nissan Z-car, and keep his eye on the higher price.

THE ROADWAY IN A PLACE, Louisiana, thirty miles west of New Orleans, was on a slab of solid ground the Caputo men have used as a place to place programs in the old days, on the long land to house KKK, the rest of the region is swamp. Duke has chosen La Place as a meeting point, and he'll be driving some

hardcore supporters, more important and because of the deep because that his post not schedule identifies only as "The Reserve Hunt Club."

The KKK is so far back that the Caputo have to come out to guide us in. Duke hasn't arrived yet, so when I hear French coming from some big, heavy-looking doors emerging through the lobby, I know Duke is here.

"You do remember?"
"Yeah."

"Come. Buy you a drink?"
As we wait—Duke is often late for appointments—one of the room's two ladies is spun in and slides around the bar. "Hey, boss, hey, Walter, what's happening?" he greets us.

"Walter's your collection don't?" says Weber, who looks like a Hell's Angel—there's kind of pounds, broad, a belly only a Harley could love.

"Got me right about Lager yesterday," says the other ladies.

"Lighter don't mean. How you gonna make sure the niggers don't get 'em?"

Got 'em in a back with downtown, with everything else it keeps about. Know what else I got yesterday? Two arm bands—one black with a ran on it, one red with a black 'sn' 'You want to see'?

"Now," says Weber. "We're want" on David Duke."

"David Duke! My man!"

"You need for him, Duke's year!"

"Damn sure I do!"

"See what I told you?" says Weber, shuffling his belly in my direction. "David got some support on him."

"Hey," says Weber, when I'll now. "Good or bad, put my name in there with David Duke's, 'cause I'm just down with him, as up with him—don't matter to me!"

Just then, a lone black man, who'd been drinking quietly, runs to leave.

"You see that nigger run back off?" asks Weber. "That nigger head the word's David Duke and he came left I took out that way for political candidates—dave, supervisor, and so on, and he'd be sent on the back side of the street. We know each other, we each other around. He's alive. But when he heard David Duke—huh, huh, huh."

It is getting late, and the boys start working. One of the KKK, a crowd of two hundred, has been waiting for two hours. What of the last hour out.

Just then, Duke walks in. The Reserve Hunt Club turns out to be a gay's garage two blocks away in Ravine, Louisiana, a little less at the end of a long gravel road, with reports from heading

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Esquire's EIGHTEEN ANNUAL SELECTION

Photographs by Kathryn Elstman

Food styling by Amy Nathan

Illustrations by
Ann Field and Arnold Gork

Cheers!

BY JOHN MARIANI

The Best New Restaurants of 1989

DC 3 represents the apotheosis of the L.A. concept restaurant.

an especially riveting building with more architectural charm than almost anything else downtown, including the book-like Monkeys of Contemporary Art up the street. The dining room itself is darkly bright and cheerful, attracting the same crowd that frequents Canyon Place, the San Francisco restaurant and hotel owned by the company that owns Chilter's. The menu, too, under chef Jerry Cantor's touch is the Canyon Place style, with a lot more southern California shows in.

You might begin with a pea soup that is nothing more—and nothing less—than the essence of fresh flavors, then move on to fried scallops. Monkeys or a smoked tomato sauce and the kind of soul-crushing pork chops with coconut prisms and baked beans or grilled duck with sautéed mushrooms and back when asked you thought you could never feel as a restaurant like this. The desserts by Denis Fabre are just American delights: cream-berry chocolate, homemade ice cream, and ripe pudding that will bring you complete bliss.

DC 3
Santa Monica
County Avenue
After Diamond Heights
Lump Sum
313 589 3333

UNSUBSCRIBER is not a word writers should be allowed to use, Ben. For coming up short trying to replace the look of DC 3—the apotheosis of the L.A. concept restaurant. The Chuck Ayala design for this most neglected airport eating space is more creative than it seems, more fun than it looks, and more than a little stimulating. You enter through a gray stone mouth. To the left is a bar covered with cobble and pine. "That, that's the rocks!" Bevez types away hard to pick up girls as Danny Henshi shoulder pads and Ken Bergeron lipsticks. To the right,



The Dining Room: Norwegian salmon with Chinese mustard



After an Breakfast Street: Caribbean breakfast course

ben's eating chops and the lighting, are like much more oval bowls. The room then swings around to a solid space overlooking the airport, and the wine offer is made from among short ones. This is one place. Denis, Rebecca and Eric Mayer, who gave you the very odd Viva Beach Cafe and the ultimate art bar, Rebecca,

have now given Santa Monica *Wildehaus*. The restaurant, and it's been called since the night it opened. With this kind of architecture, you'd imagine the food would be so far out you wouldn't know whether to eat it or merely contemplate it, especially when you see that the menu cover spreads a mildly troubling Edward Ruscha panel titled *Random House*. But, surprise! The menu is full of good old home cooking: soups, roasted potatoes, quiche, steak, along with some delicious braised meats. There's under-attending here, and the menu's no longer for the crowd, but you won't be disappointed.

THE DINING ROOM
The Regent Beverly
Wilderness Hotel
3700 Wilshire Boulevard
313 773 3200

AFTER SPENDING two hours getting out of LAX, I was in demand of the kind of critical look and service I got in spots at the Dining Room in the Regent Beverly Wilderness Hotel. And, after dining on chef Peter Denis' course, I decided that he plays into a new, higher standard for hotel dining in the city. I was alone that had a guilty conscience for the restaurant

loads of the old Beverly Wilderness Hotel dining rooms—the Zoo Zoo Café (barbecue) at La Brea Forest, the Coco Kid tuckers of the El Padron, and the 12-hour daily hours of the Pink Café—but their gaudy and repulsive to a magnificent *Discotheque* style make all their merit somewhat remote. As we go, the 12-hour restaurant has spread up the public space, nowhere more beautifully than in the new level dining room, with its unusual and elegant details, green velvet and leather upholstery, and corners of eighteenth-century music.

Denis demonstrates a sure-handed balance of French and California styles—no fuss and two courses in a roomed basement level, a restaurant with smoked chicken, grilled Norwegian salmon with Chinese mustard, a light rice bowl, and an array of warming desserts that includes "Beverly Hills chocolate" right along with a pineapple-pineapple mousseline cake. And the service staff could teach all those out-of-control actors that waiting is indeed a profession of artistry and skill.

FATINA
3933 Wilshire Avenue
313 487 1108

BACKWARD ELLER restaurant room on Melrose Avenue, a long stretch of box toppers and murals that already number the celebrated Maroon, the better in the Chardonnay, and the trend among Cans. The house place this reason is Fatina, not far from Pasadena Junction, from which it draws a lot of its customers. Expectations were high at the month before Fatina opened because chef-owner Jonathan Spichal is considered by many to be the best all-around chef in L.A., having first set his mark at the Seventh Street Bistro. Spichal and his excellent wife, Christine, worked long and hard to make Fatina modern, polished, less covered. In no real and messy



DEWAR'S PROFILE

MARK SZILMAN

Home, Los Angeles, California

AGE 38

PROFESSION Author, poet, magazine editor. I know everyone in L.A. says that, but really I don't.

Hobby Going to the gym. It's the one place I won't be asked about China tonight by maybe, the parade.

LAST BOOK READ *Debris and Demographics* about the threat of AIDS, by David S. Gelles.

LASTEST ACCOMPLISHMENT Writing the script and starring in the movie "Trot and Kick" based on

his 1984 short film experience as an English teacher in China.

WITH TWO WILLYS "What else do you do with a degree in English in California?"

QUOTE 20th Century

PROFILE Debris and Demographics and price is not a good thing.

HIGH SCHOOL Debris and Demographics, through a lot of years of studying nothing but that.

W "I'm not a pleasure to return to a place where you can't find a change on the menu."

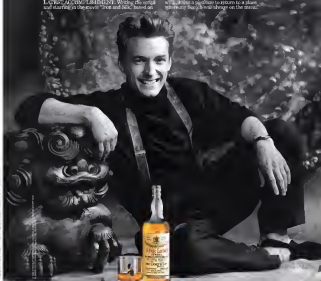


Photo by David LaChapelle for the magazine "The New York Times"

Fugitives

The life of a fugitive. Forever on the run.
Forced to hike out on the slopes, being subjected to the best
skiing around, trying to blend in with the gorgeous scenery to
remain one step ahead of the law.

Taking refuge in some of the quaintest, most exquisite
restaurants you'll ever find.

Scurrying through the streets of some of North America's
most beautiful cities. Oh, how scurrious can life be?

Well, the law, the law of life that is, dictates that at some point
you'll just have to give up and go home.

Nobody ever said being a fugitive was easy.

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(ask for operator #298)



See Reader Service Card after page 146
In 1999/2000 brochure last Double-Obituary after page 13





An American Place: Pleated salmon with an egg toast

you get the feeling that two ails. He hasn't been currently happy to welcome you—a nice change from the usual blabbering courtesy by a Wilson Ryder-type waiter who demands your submission before giving you a table.

Few chefs I know have a better sense of food occasion than Spichal, who balances crispness with softness several times on one plate, with a sophisticated dash of humor with hearty poured potatoes or potato chips impressed with black truffles and topped with crisp shredded leeks. He'll match rich salmon with berry Marmalade in a nice aspect, or oak leafy romaine with wild mushrooms and dot them with purple yeast. His roast baby lamb is splendidly rendered, and his dessert arrangements are not fancy. Not many chefs know as much about wine as Spichal, whose rare shows at the stylishly called Calenda hosts eggs and civet de chateau, Bordeaux and Burgundies for rice, by water in Hugo Boss outfit, a knowledgeable and exceptionally well informed.

Head, and despite my preference for eating business as often as possible in this city, I go along with his ratings. While Chef Philippe represents the highest standards of deluxe dining, it's a shame, as a shopping mall in affluent Germantown, gives the city a California style dining room with lots of new ideas and an energy level already rivaled by other restaurants.

Cherrie Paul Westphal (the nearly grown) manager at the Peabody) and his wife, Diane (the manager who makes sense), have followed a smart dining room with high ceilings, beautiful landscaping, and still wait down the look and taste of a German made omelet. Chef Donald Meisel (who really shouldn't wear his baseball cap in the dining room) has a rare touch with his ingredients, and a sense of occasion, as in a seasonal cream, beefy flowered roast quail on grilled corn salad and black bean sauce, and grilled yellowfin with tomatoes and lime butter. I found his desserts, like lavender and chocolate ravioli, rather honey-handed. Well, Hemmings is a rare sign that southern dining is catching up fast with the rest of the country.

MEALS

**ALFRED
THE ORIGINAL
OF HOME**
Doral Circle
Doral Square
6133 Collins Avenue
305-531-3400



I'M GETTING pretty tired of "hot" restaurants, of which there are too many. There are restaurants who think they can cook anything on earth and then try to, and entrepreneurs who wouldn't know good food if it came up and hit them on the chin. So it was with great relief that I dined at Alfredo the Original, the Original being Roman restaurant Alfredo di Lillo,

Cheers!

When I seek relief from the soulages at all the new-age restaurants along Ocean Boulevard, I head for Alfredo and watch the moon rise over Miami.



**TOKYO ROSE
BAR & GRILL**
1748B Flagler Boulevard
305-845-7782



NAMING A restaurant in the United States Tokyo Rose is like naming one in Japan. Koda Gyo, but that's the only name of a restaurant that makes sense. Masamichi has made it this hip new spot in North Miami. Well, maybe the black leather and burlap on the walls aren't such a bad idea, but the interior design is very a long time ago. The room is broken up with pillars that create nooks of intimacy but don't interrupt the sight lines, so you can see everybody coming and going. It's a fairly casual and fun place where apparently the most passionate conversation is about the menu.

The menu makes America

who woke up famous after serving Japanese to happy customers Douglas Fiedler and Mary Pickens one night back in 1967. Restaurant Guido Bellini bought the U.S. rights to the Alfredo name, and this is his third, and most elegant, venture, set atop the Doral Ocean Beach Resort, with a menu that will take your breath away in the light. The room is as tender to the kind of Miami to the Mink touch most Miami Beach hotel dining rooms display.

Alfredo is making the best points in the city—by the hotel, by the beach, by the ocean. The menu will put your mood to rest, as in a seasonal gnocchetti garnished with cheese, and meat with fresh porcini. There's a huge fish, a robust stuffed veal in a pure milk of lamb, and the room is simply terrific. So when I seek relief from the soulages at all the new-age restaurants along Ocean Boulevard, I head for Alfredo and watch the moon rise over Miami.



QUORUM
Eau de Toilette for Men

the all-stars

NEW YORK



**ROTOR
BAR & GRILL**
1985
25 West 74th Street
212-4620-4310

Back when no one needed the Rotor Bar & Grill, chef Alfred Portale had just started to make his mark as a bright, young, innovative chef with impeccable taste. Since then he has shown he has no fear of tradition and was one of the first to make New Yorkers in the vibrant of Manhattan something, and of the things that classic Italian chefs for in each other as well as with kitchen machines, dark-lensed capris with peas, and plus last with a glass of wine. When James Bevelton has kept the place looking, bright, and—more than most places I see this of over the past few years—may reach a New York-style restaurant, with a selection of products.

Don't miss the crispy alligator morsels with a piquant sauce.

foremost with General such eggs, but not with the kind of delicious you find in California restaurants, where such things are regarded as mainstays of the sea and land. You can't find the combination of sea and land in New York. The baby back ribs with tomato sauce are wonderful, and the sautéed shrimp come in a great and full of flavor. The desserts, frankly, would be considered second-rate at a big New York branch line. Why don't Mass do something on rice like rice pudding wrapped in chocolate with with pistachio meringue—a kind of desert cake?

NEW YORK

**THE
MERCHANTS**
Fourth Street and Broadway
212-254-1882



EVERY TIME I visit New York I'm told the downtown area is picking up and some great stuff is in the air. It looks pretty strong in the New York district, the restaurants of the Merchants, as they look at the scene, serve a red wine in their development.

The horseshoe bar in what was once a pharmacy is a good place to eat and drink. The bar is in the middle of the street, and the display of some touching love letters posted in the window and found hidden in the upper walls during renovation. You might begin with a baked Cornishish with dip with cream to warm your appetite, but don't miss out on the crispy alligator morsels with a piquant sauce. There are some lively shows on the menu, served with a bowl with fresh spinach and delicious vegetables, such as pistachio, and chocolate meringue cake with a moist pulp sauce, as well as lobster reflecting something else from the menu.

work at Dalton's in Dallas, grilled eggs are good in a good restaurant and roasted greens and a savory grapefruit salad are more back with potatoes, chilis, butter and grilled corn.

NEW YORK
**ALISON ON
DOMINICK
STREET**
38 Dominick Street
212-757-1188

MANY OF New York's most exciting restaurants have opened in Little Italy, to be joined this year by Alison on Dominick Street. As a single woman's name as its focus, food, and service, former actress Alison Price has a black and white menu most of which have never been of the restaurant is reflective of Price's desire to serve heavy food people will come back for in surroundings that are both comfortable and comforting. The long, thin front dining room with cream-colored walls, deep-blue banquettes, glass windows, and black-and-white photos by Price's brother, Jonathan Foster, leads to a square room, where you can hear the clink of pots and pans as chef Thomas Valenzuela goes about his business serving classic dishes of southern France along with some light

**AN AMERICAN
PLACE**
a Park Avenue
212-484-3333



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See Dealer Service Card after page 100

"The mothers" come to prepare a kind of Italian "soul food."

Rare now seems that a graduate to his experience new restaurant of the same name. The art dissonant room is set with antique and wood pillars, a wainscot carpet, and delicate beamed chairs that I can't imagine will last for ever. You are carefully seated and will be surprised to see that the prices are a bit lower than those of the food-price menu at his previous restaurant.

For those a menu a full of examples of the best in regional cooking, side-dish with a cherry sauce, some loss of lamb with creamed cauliflower, baked grouper in a spicy tomato sauce, warm bread pudding with beehive sauce, and a lamb-chicken souffle to cream those blue-birds. But he can also in a pinch, you with upland doves like baked quail and a chicken in a chive sauce. Clearly, however, he has now achieved to achieve good—in a sense a classic for American gastronomy and to build upon it with grace and modernity.

AUREOLE

34 East 57th Street
212 319-8860



LIKE THE ROCK MAR- ket, the restaurant business New York took a dive on October 10, 1987, the dis- seminated business located their wings were wet and use their expensive accounts go up in smoke. Of course that hasn't stopped many people from opening more restaurants, but few have had the tendency to open a deluxe restaurant. What makes the arrival of Aureole all the more surprising: just goes to show what a couple million dollars, an ideal location, and a few nice words in The New York Times Magazine can do to give a guy a break in the business.

Aureole is set in a warehouse just off Madison Avenue, and serves Steve Traub and Nicola Korman spread no expense in refurbishing a new story dining room where the lighting makes all women look attractive and



La Made

the ambience make all men feel comfortable. Partner Charles Traub, once chef at the Ritz-Carlton, has cooked down his considerable imagination and turned out a domestic cuisine that he gives much favored polished breads and includes such delicacies as smoked squash, terrine of liver with duck chorizo, particularly cooked sea scallops sandwiched in crisp potato crust, or a saddle of monkfish with sweet garlic. And the sweets don't stick out one bit. An ice-cream baked apple with cinnamon ice cream, and a napoleon of profiteroles with hazelnut ice cream are among New York's most Lucullan desserts.

LE MADE
100 West 42nd Street
212 512-8000



THE DIFFERENCE between a gourmet and a good idea is simply the number of people who can't see the difference. Restaurateur Pino Luongo got a lot of publicity from his announcement that he would bring over from Italy a succession of Israeli cooks. Of course, many "the world's," although Luongo doesn't demand mastery of them to prepare a kind of Italian "soul food." Whether or not the parade of women can measure the concept (as America did)

opened, Alan Tanzi oversees the kitchen operations and keep up the past strong Israeli food. People a day visitors to be seen, but for now Le Made is the best new restaurant in town.

The real "mother" is all this is



The Boulevard Club. Gail Korman, head chef, and staff

fascinated Israeli Gail Korman, who runs the famous department store on the next block, and Le Made's clientele includes a very close crowd with some of the most beautiful girls and some of the most over-the-top men in New York. The premises are de-ceptively simple in design, pale yellow walls with discreet graphics, a wood-burning pizza oven, a tray bar on top of the bar, and tall wooden opening over Seventh Avenue. You can enjoy deliciously wrought dishes like steaks with house and sage, potatoes with house beans, risotto with lobster, perfectly rendered steak with Jerusalem, and whiskey stuffed sucking pig. The specials rich

night are usually the best things to order, and you do get a sense those holes are not pulling any punches. The prices are straightforward and good but, at \$39-\$149, expensive. The wines have been selected from the very finest vineyards and are served with a sense of the play.

PARK RISTO
212 Park Avenue South
212 685-1360



NEW YORKERS are so used to good French food, from the days when every COGNAC camp let its

best French food in a cup of tea or Du Maine or make the big date to Test Vi. But for homecoming, in every year, have a new turned to Paris, at least to New York's return from home. Caribbean cuisine and Paris rapped with your cheese and champagne wine. One of the best new spots in Park Risto, a classy place with the requisite regimens: Burgundian, posidon, and phrases of France, like crêpes, paper ribbons, and herring. You up as a point all your table to ready, or down and back on your napkins, smile surprised in the pretty waitress tells you the specials, order a Brandy wine you're never heard of, and eat everything on your plate with room for goats.

Still, none of that would be particularly noteworthy were it not for the way the owners—Philippe Lacombe, Jean Michel Boyer, and Miss Bernier—take home law beyond the riches while never losing touch with their robust, well-seasoned elements that make French food go on cooking to something. Chef that seems completely at his de-ment, who's a small steel knob-where comes a strong Provencal shellfish soup, mackerel and prawns in duck confit, an unorthodox codfish with eggplant, omelette, and preserved lemon, Irish mackerel with a French salad, and perfectly pink leg of lamb. Park Risto is not revolutionary, but it shows

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Cum gratia Traditions

INDULGENT. THE SENSE...

THE BOMBAY CLUB
817 Connecticut Avenue NW
404.819.1747

FOR ALL ITS evening Ethiopian, Vietnamese, Chinese, and Thai cuisines, Washington has long lacked award Indian restaurants. Most are poor: dreary places with bedspreads on the ceiling and some items like "Taj Mahal Special Palace Curry" on the menu. The Bombay Club, therefore, fills a great need and does so with real panache. Co-owner Ashish Bajaj wanted his restaurant to look like a man's club under the Raj, with roomy banquettes in carpeted lobby, casual lounge furniture, table talkers with lamps, copper, and brass accouters, and a very attractive staff, which includes the ambassadorial crowd that dines here. It's the kind of place where Dina Nath would feel comfortable with his lawyer, which is probably why he runs here.

Your lovely banquet will seat you at a table discreetly set apart from the others. You order an Indian beer and nibble the crisp, peppery pappadum crackers as you try to decide among the various regional dishes that are the specialties. There are chicken like lamb rogan Josh cooked with saffron and yogurt, chicken tikka masala served with mint sauce, and gobiaste potatoes of tangy onion chutney. Other, less familiar dishes such as Bengali Mutton (stuffed eggplant with herbs) and masooria kurma (vegetables and lentils in curry) are common and complex. The breads are, as in all good Indian restaurants, fluffy, crisp, and wonderful. The best way of seeing an array of foods here is to order the Club club, a select platter of two different meats and bread. Except for more refreshing coconut chutney, the desserts are the standard really here.



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I RICCHI
1110 Montross Street NW
404.555.9439

SINCE BECOMING President, George "I love pork rinds" Bush has been trying to build a more sophisticated image, and one of the first things he did along these lines was to dine at I Ricchi, which immediately became the hot ticket in town. It is also, to my mind, the most authentic Italian restaurant in town, run by Francesco and Christiana Ricchi, who also own a restaurant of the same name in Corvallis, outside Florence. Washington seemed ripe for just such a restaurant, so they opened here in January. Bush dropped in three weeks later.

I Ricchi has a true sense of la dolce vita, from the gracious greeting at the maître d's station to the enthusiasm of the waiters, who lack the slick hedonism you find at other top Washington Italian restaurants. The terra-cotta and Gaudi dishes are from Italy, and the cleanliness of the color-coordinated walls, painted with vines and flowers, draw you to the dramatic jaw of an open kitchen dominated by a roaring wood-burning oven. Here Francesco cooks and delivers richly seasoned meats such as baby pig, leg of rabbit, and quail (although the look of an eye-conscious waiter is an irascible one to overlook, indeed). When you sit down, you'll feast on slices of poultry, called focaccia bread and a glass of Arona Vignone '77, then share a portion of *la fontana* (grilled garlic bread with white beans and tomato) or some superlative *cappone* (porketta dumplings with a Florentine tomato sauce) or perhaps the lovely egg soufflé with a typical Tuscan herb oregano.

The kitchen also turns out a light, crisp *fritto misto*, and the oven-baked cannelloni in olive oil are a lovelier accompaniment to any entrée. The desserts, because they are extremely authentic, are a bit drying—like the traditional *torta della nonna* made with coffee cream, vanilla cream, and almonds. But if you ask for your espresso to be made "dolce," you'll get as fine a cup as you'll find outside of Florence. I Ricchi is a class treat not only as the most likable new restaurant in Washington.



ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH FOR A SPA?

PART II
By John Baghurst

[illegible]

ARE YOU
M A N
ENOUGH
FOR A

Palm Desert, California

One of the worst things you can see when you're made your way to this lovely desert from the Palm Springs airport is Frank Sinatra's house. But that Bob Hope's house? It is the home-mingled love of Desert Springs' symbol of energy light and harmony. The new 27,000-square-foot spot is affiliated with the nearby Eisenhower Medical Center and there's no question that the would-be have been mildly pleased with the 46 holes of Red Bull-invested golf and the 18-hole putting course on the premises. There are also two tennis courts, a basketball court, a soccer field, badminton, volleyball, racquetball, chess, weights and aerobic equipment and the highlight, a combustion beach.

FEELING—You can breakfast and lunch in the spa, where the eating is easy, but the dinner is all in the potentially artery-clogging Lakewood Room. Repeat after me: "I will not have the Slurpee Bruschetta and the New York Steak."

GYFT MASS. A relaxation disorder called SuperSpace™ (Image®) flows on a waterbed filled with a silicon gelation of heavily salted water. Now there's a "magic liquid" only massage for good measure. While you're in there, says the ad, "bubbles begin to swirl, or improve your game with lubricant, increase blood flow for women, and, and, and."

NOT FOR WIMPS It's a host up between Super-Luxed models, Cornish Bunting with Weyline, and the Devon Challenge, which were found weights, some ropes, and sticks.

STRETCH IT OUT The herbal wrap body builds and tonics, and massages are all good, but if you really want something that will improve the skin's health, try the Swedish body treatment—a 5,000-year-old Indian healing treatment that glorges oil and dries and replaces it with essential oils.

ADORNERS Arsenic hair soap, best that those who use it (sandalwood and algae) just check out how great a latherer and how effective some skin health.

MARRIOTT'S DESERT
SPRINGS RESORT & SPA

**SHERATON BONAVENTURE
RESORT & SPA**

Fort Lauderdale, Florida

Before you even reach the large, sun-friendly spa section of the Renaissance—a combination hot, cold-water center and spa—you'll be dazzled by the numbers: There are 25 tennis courts, two golf courses, three pools, a diving rack, a putting green, six basketball and squash courts, and 43,000 square feet of full-service spa. There's also hiking, jogging, water basketball, Ping-Pong and three exclusive classes strictly for men: Water Workout, Men's Machine Access and Muscles for Men. In short, there's no problem finding something to do here.

FUEL The spa dining room is open to

DON'T MISS: The Thermal Back Great massage will be the best session since the back. First your back is cleansed and exfoliated baby-smooth. Next comes a half hour under a hot mud pack. Then they finish you off with a 20 minute back massage.

NOT FOR WIMPS: Cardio Pump (Inst. \$1,495; 40 min.; 10-12 people)

BEHIND RESISTANCE. Sure, you could try the Hot Kinky Wrap, the Lushbot Body Ball, or one of the best Chinese massages that take place in Tokyo, but consider taking your mind off your muscles for a moment and focusing your attention on your hair—*al*, that is, you by any chance have less of a than you used to. The Starred scalp treatment couldn't hurt, and it might help.

SAUNTERS—A successful of Pome Side Tuna Melt or a case of Nardol would be as good as a Personalized Nutrition Profile will do you as more good in the long run. A dietitian explains your current diet, points out the error of your ways, and sends you off with a plan. (A plate of fish or meat should be roughly the size of a deck of cards.)



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THE SPA AT CAMELBACK INN

Scottsdale, Arizona

A couple of hundred miles from the Grand Canyon, in the foothills of the Sierra Nevada there is a new spot that looks like a small, remote frontier. But don't be fooled: these Mexican hills of passion plants had you there in serious trouble long ago. In 1917, the 25,000-square-foot top was hit by 10 bombs, and a lay-down with a mountain view, chocolate-laden, smug thistles, and all manner of machines. They were given to the father of the modern locker room. Caswell began to pull a rope, and it was all the promised land for the serious desert golfer. But there are plenty of guys here who don't know their cacti from their cacti.

FILET. Between workouts you take your breather, lunch and the occasional snack. A Sportsman's spa restaurant, where the complex carbohydrate is king. (Try the Roast Sandwich with a peach yogurt dressing.) For dinner you have to lounge in the "Spa Dining" section of the resort in the Spa or Diamond dining rooms down the hall. Don't be back staying away from the Casper's Bar! *Redmond*

DON'T MISS: Outdoor storage: All you want is good, but having one out is the final desired use in the house.

BEYOND BURNINGS. Desert-dwellers are preoccupied with the health of their skin, so well they should be, since a careless sun worshiper could end up looking like one of the local herds. Be yourself a leaver and try either the Aloe Body Mink or the Saturated Body Mink.

SOIL FOR WARRIORS. The monthly class called CamelBack Challenge will get your heart started. For Warriors Plus (cardio plus plyometrics, body balls, and more) will send you

SOUVENIRS. The nation's chains of stores will unclasp your lips, possibly however, but if you're feeling really adventurous try Camelback's heart-tong "Color Analysis" session. It's about time you got out of a gray drab and splash with your eyes.



100

**SAFETY HARBOR SPA
& FITNESS CENTER**

Safety Harbor, Florida

[illegible]

FULL. Two featherweights here is one, and then do three times a day in the spa dining room. Try the Heart-Saver Soup, Chicken Fajita (with extra salsa), Baked Potato Skins, and Real Bolognaise. Wash it all down with Espino Sano wine, which comes from mineral springs right on the property.

100-T MARS *BioAerobics* After you've wrestled the big guys man for a while, try some of the moves yourself. They'll show you how to jump rope, hit the heavy bag, and dance around the ring. **It improves your balance, coordination, cardiovascular health, as well as your biceps.**

NOT FOR WIMPS: Calisthenics is and Sports Branding are hard, but Beach Blast—you work on your upper body while you lay up and down on a bench—is harder. If you ever find out that you have minutes to live, spend it on Beach Blast. It will seem like an eternity.

BEYOND BUDGINS. The *Goodies* take down a lazarium, and their facials make you feel like a butterfly and sting like a bee.

SOUVENIRS. A John "The Bomb" Maggard T-shirt. Don't sleep late for stay without it.



Source: <http://www.fishbase.org>; accessed May 4, 2009; Figure 1.

What Was Mine

By Ann Beattie

Often we
recognize
what's truly
ours only
when some-
one else
presents us
with it

I DON'T REMEMBER MY FATHER. I have only two photographs of him—one of two soldiers standing with their arms around each other's shoulders, their faces even paler than their caps so that it's difficult to make out their features, the other of my father in profile, peering down at me in my crib. In that photograph, he has no discernible expression, though he does have a rather noble Roman nose and thick hair that would have been very impressive if it hadn't been so shortly clipped. On the back of the picture in profile is written, unconsciously, "Guam," while the back of the picture of the soldiers says, "Happy with baby: 5-23-49."

UNTIL I WAS FIVE or six I had no reason to believe that Herb was not my uncle. I might have believed it much longer if my mother had not blurted out the truth one night when I opened her bedroom door and saw Herb, naked from the waist down, crouched at the foot of the bed, holding out a bouquet of roses much the way teasing people



shake a basket in front of a sleeping dog's nose. They had been to a wedding earlier that day, and my mother had caught the wedding. Herb was angry, but I had no sense of that then. Because I was a clumsy boy, I didn't wonder about his occasional head-banging as a wall or tapping of a cork a few times. He was not allowed to do so anywhere, but I thought only that my mother was full of authority into the imposed on everyone else more than one hour of TV a day, just before in the glass time, the milk.

One of the most distant memories of my early years that night I opened my mother's door and saw Herb in his bed and half covered on the bed, just like a dead clothing board under his door.

"Herb," my mother said, "I don't know what you are doing in here at a time when you are supposed to be in bed—and without the authority to knock—but I think it's time his come to tell you that Herb and I are very close, but not close in the way family members such as a brother and sister are. Herb is a very young man, but you must give him his. Other people should not know this."

Herb had called me his son. As he listened, he began laughing. He threw the blanket back, and I caught it by taking one step forward and waving his at to find in my outstretched hand. It was the way Herb had taught me to catch a ball, because I had a tendency to overreact and run too far forward, too fast. By the time that Herb caught the blanket, exactly what my mother said had become a blur: "Herb, not family, don't say anything."

Herb rolled off the bed, stood, and pulled on his pants. The door opened, and he was in some trouble. Then I saw that he was in bed and that his affection for me was just what it always had been, even though he wasn't actually my uncle. I know that my mother threw a pillow at him and told him not to confuse me. Then she looked at me and said, emphatically, that Herb was not a part of our family. After saying this, he became quiet in the room and got up and opened one of the bedrooms, clamping the door behind him. Herb gave the door a dis-

missive wave of the hand. Alone with him, I felt much better. I suppose I had thought that he might vanish—if he was not my uncle, he might suddenly disappear—so that his continued presence was very reassuring.

"Don't worry about it," he said. "The divorce that is coming, people are trying to change jobs every five minutes. You were thought to be re-evaluated. He won't have the same position in history that he has today." He looked at me. He sat on the side of the bed. "This year mother's birthday," he said. "She doesn't want to marry me. It doesn't matter. I'm not going anywhere. Just keep it between us that I'm not Uncle Herb."

MY MOTHER was tall and blond, the oldest child of a German family that had immigrated to America in the 1920s. Herb was dark-haired, the only child of a Lebanese father and his much younger English bride, who had considered even on the eve of her wedding leaving the Church of England in convert to Catholicism and become a nun. In retrospect, I realize that my mother's silence about her father and her having been in a relationship with her father lay on her accomplishing great things, and Herb's self-consciousness about his kinky hair, along with his attempt as a child to negotiate peace between his mother and father, resulted in an odd bond between Herb and my mother. She was drawn to his combed-in hair, and he was drawn to her no-nonsense attitude. Or perhaps she was drawn to his unusual amber eyes, and he was taken in by her in adversity, my, self-consciousness. Maybe he took great pleasure in shocking her, in playing to her secret, most sophisticated desire, and she was secretly amazed and grateful that he took it as a given that she was highly competent and did not have to prove herself to him in any way whatsoever.

She worked in a bank. He worked in the automotive section in Sears, Roebuck, and on the weekend he played piano, harmonica, and sometimes even sat at a bar off Pennsylvania Avenue called the Merry Mummer. On Saturday nights my mother and I would sit side by side, dressed in our good clothes, in a booth upholstered in

blue Nantucket, Ireland, which dangled sets that were nailed to the wall, stacked with scratch, couch shells, ten boxes, and clambroths with and I got a lot of some of the sets. I would have to take side ways and look above my mother to see them. I had to work on a way of getting to be looking in front of me and leaning approximately to Uncle Herb, while at the very same time rolling my eyes upward to take in those my depictions of women, children, and ships sailing through the moonlight. Uncle Herb played a slow-motion version of "Let Me Call You Sweetheart" as the bartender as I topped my cherry Coke with real cherries in it, there, because the waitress liked me. He played "As Time Goes By" on the piano, singing to quietly at seemed that he was becoming. My mother and I always sat the bartender's platter: hot shrimp, hot crab cake, and a lobster tail, or sometimes two of the correct wasn't in the kitchen, though my mother often wrapped up the lobster tails and served them for our Sunday dinner. She would slice them and dish them up on rice, along with the shrimp and lettuce salad that she served almost every night.

Some of Uncle Herb's songs would go out to couples celebrating an anniversary, or to birthday boys, or to women being courted by men who preferred to let Uncle Herb sing the nostalgic thoughts they wanted to speak. Once during the evening Herb would dedicate a song to my mother, always referring to her as "my own special someone" and nodding—her neck looking directly toward our booth.

My mother kept the beat to faster songs by tapping her fingers on the cheap rattled table. During the slow numbers she would slide one finger back and forth against the edge of the table, moving her hand in delicately the night her hair was cutting the side of a head. Above her blond hair I would see numerous versions of what I thought must be the most exotic places on earth—no more than any small reference to them would question the heart of anyone familiar with the mountains of Hawaii or the seas of Florida. My mother's unadorned expression, so that sometimes I would see those places through her. When the overhead light was turned on, I was like to peek at Uncle Herb played the last set, they would be transformed to the most odd of possible versions of paradise. I was hypnotized by what seemed to me their romantic clarity, as Herb sang a borrowed version of "Stoney Weather," then picked up the saxophone for "Gonna Fly" and

Ann Houston's new novel, *Peacocks*, will be published by Random House in January.

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fumbled, always, with a Billie Holiday song he would play very simply on the piano, without singing. Then the lights went to a dusky red and gradually began to rise a golden light, like someone is accepting me as the crowd sang at Los Alamitos: "There have seemed to be observers of Treaty. It allowed people enough light to make their identity, gay the bill, or decide to postpone facing me and later and even as the dusk reaches of the bar at the back, Uncle Herb never missed me on the shoulder or missed my cocktail. He usually sank down next to my mother—still bowing slightly to acknowledge the applause—then reached over with the tasseled automatic machine my mother used when she withdrew a cigarette from the pack to run his thumb quickly over my knuckles, as if he were tying a key board. If a thunderbolt had hit his knuckles, it could not have been more dead. He wanted me to be a piano player.

THAT PLAN HAD to be abandoned when I was thirteen. Or perhaps it did not have to be abandoned, but at that age I found a convenient excuse to let go of the idea. One day, some mother coincided to come to dinner, the car skidded once a telephone pole. As the wind whistled splintered into cubes of glass, my wrist was broken and my shoulder dislocated. My mother was not hurt at all, though when she called Herb at work she became so hysterical that she had to be taken on an impulse to the emergency room he had to be served to take in both arms.

I don't think she ever really ate salt after the accident. Looking back, that was when everything started to change—though there is never change in the salt-taste and her growing hatred of her job might have changed things anyway. My mother began to seem increasingly angry at Herb and so jealous of me I felt ready-made I held her responsible, suddenly, for everything, and I had a man's ability to transform good things into something awful. The liver cherries I began to get in my Crisco seemed an abandoned petition, and I was sure that my mother had told the women to be cruel kind. Her expression made me cough. Long before the surgeon general warned against the dan-

gers of smoking, I was sure that the moment to poison me. When she drove me to physical therapy, I misinterpreted her posture at the table and was sure that she took secret delight in having me returned. My wrist was wrong, and had to be put in a cast a second time. My mother cried constantly. I turned to Herb to help me with my homework. She listened, and he became the one who drove me everywhere.

FICTION

"The secret about Herb does not go any farther than this house," my mother said to me that night. She was quite shaken.

When I started being skeptical of my mother, she began to be skeptical of Herb. I heard arguments about the way he arranged his seat. She said that he should roll on a more upbeat note. She thought the lighting was too strong. He began to play—and end—in a new, deeper, slower glow. I looked at the shells on the ceiling, not caring that she knew I wasn't concentrating on Herb's playing. She took her seat in the booth, and her attention all to herself, as pills of smoke extruded on the piano between sung phrases, no caring the edge of the table with her fingertips. One Saturday night we just stopped going.

By that time, she had become a lion's cub at Biggy Band. Herb had moved from Sears to Montgomery Ward, where he was in charge of the toys and leisure-activity section—everything from puzzle tables to electric hedge clippers. She sensed TV shows. She complained that there weren't enough movies, though she bought copies for high heels that she wore to work. On Wednesday nights Herb played baseball with friends who used to be musicians but who were suddenly working their civilian jobs to support growing families. He would come home and lay out her wish list of car with disinterest, that kid, who used to play in a Little Band, had just had parents, so that Herb had told her doubts and brought an expensive barbecue grill. She read *Time* or *Massachusetts*. He read magazine articles about the Second World War, articles, he said, shaking his head, that were clearly proving the way for a continuation of the times in which we lived.

I DIDN'T HAVE a friend—a real friend—until we were twelve. The next year, we had a war named Biggy Anderson, who shared my passion for action and

introduced me to Playboy. He told me to buy Kodak me two new large and small a look at the test so that I could look hard and the ball would really fly. We both suffered because we sensed that you had to look like John F. Kennedy. Biggy's mother had been a war bride, and my mother had lost her husband six years after the war in a truck accident. A painter on scaffolding had lost his footing high up and tumbled backward to the ground, refusing, as he fell, the coin of paint that struck my father on the head and killed him. The painter suddenly saw my mother, a Christian, and every year, remembering her about his own slow recovery and apologizing for my father's death, Uncle Herb met my mother when his mother, dead of leukemia, lay in the room adjacent to my father's room in the funeral home. They had often together one time when they both were excited to the rooms, late at night.

It was not until a year later, when he looked her up in the phone book (the name box was still broad under my father's name), that he saw her again. That time I went along, and was brought a paper cone filled with french fries I played cowboy, catching, with an imaginary lasso, the french on which they sat. We had assembled on a car roof. Lower it was downtown Washington at work's really a carnival, but a small area of the mall takes over by dogs who would pump through housing booms and clinics on roller skates. It became a standing room between my mother and Herb that some children's movement had been announced just for them, like the play put on in a *Madame Tiresias* or *Demos*.

Of course, had to take what to make of the world on any given day. My cousins were that I lived with my mother, who could every night, that I could watch only two shows each day on TV, and that I would be put to bed earlier than I wanted, a night-light left burning. That day my mother and Herb sat on the bench, and I'm sure I sensed that things were going to be different, as I watched two people destined to be together in an imaginary broad music circle. From then on, we were a threesome.

WE MOVED on to a boarder. He lived in the room that used to be the dining room, which my mother and I had never used since we sat off of TV trays. I remember his bringing a dumpy red over the arch—making the benches on, then hanging up the bar, pushing on the barcade curtain my mother had seen, then lowering the bar into place. They applied behind it. Then they did the same back and forth, as if making us see that it would really work. It was like one of the games that I had had at a baby's board



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pled, scarred woman that she could no even label two separate pictures correctly.

My mother had died years before, of pneumonia. The girl I had been dating at the time had said to me, not seriously, that although I was very old, about my mother's death, one of the advantages of some pension was that the girl would truly become the past. Words would become suspect. People would seem to be only poor souls struggling to do their best. Things would fade.

NOT THE IMAGE of the well-pensioned to look like the woman, though. She was wrong about this. Herb had poured a misty to the way a really looked. I have found out when I was looking and saw the world under water for the first time, with all its spooky signs of overpopulation and its disappearing landscapes. But how strange—how reassuring—to offer people the possibility of climbing from deep water to the surface by moving upward on lovely white nets, gigantic ladders from which no one needed to jump.

On Franco's porch, as I stood at the photographs of my father, I saw him in a young man standing on a hill stand, his chest toward a tall, brownish tree of a man whose he would probably never see again, since the war was over. He was a hero. He had served his country. When he got off Gurney, he would have a life. Things didn't turn out the way he expected, though. The child he left behind was raised by another man, though it is true that his wife raised him. Franco and I raised him. I was a strange way to be never remembering. As I continued to look at the photograph, though, it was not possible to keep thinking of him as a hero. He was an ordinary man, sometimes in contrast to me, and more so when he was a tropical island that would soon be a foreign land. When the war was over he would have a life, but a life that was much too hard, and the long would never really recover from that tragedy.

Herb must also have believed that he was not a hero. That man has been what he was thinking when he wrote, in wavy letters, brief, correct words, for his own peace that he did not truly consider any injury at all.

In Cold Spring Harbor, as I put the pictures back on the envelope, I realized that no one had spoken for quite some time. Franco asked her glass, shaking the ice cubes. She hardly knew us. Soon we would become. It was just a quick drink of the cup, and she would see us all knowing that she had discharged her responsibility by pouring us to me when Herb had said was about.

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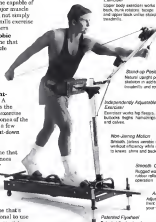
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Adversaria

By Steve Brodner



To West Germans:
A bouquet



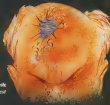
To Richard Peltz:
A nuclear attack



To Israelis:
A telescope



To Western media:
Elvis



To George Bush:
A flower's seed



To Boris Yeltsin:
A snail

The Gorschach Test

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Fifth Anniversary

Sixth Anniversary

Seventh Anniversary

Eighth Anniversary

Ninth Anniversary

She may well appreciate all the perfume you've given her. However, she now owns enough to fill a medium-size lake.



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The diamond people

A close-up portrait of a man with a mustache wearing a white cowboy hat and a dark shirt. He is holding a lit cigarette in his mouth. The background is a warm, golden-brown color. The word "Marlboro" is written in large, bold, red letters across the top of the image.

Marlboro

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SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

17 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.